

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.
VOLUME II.
CONTAINING HIS
TRANSLATIONS
AND
IMITATIONS.



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NEW YORK

Printed by FREDERICK NICHOLS, at the

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S A P P H O

TO

P H A O N.

S A P P H O
P H A O N I.

ECQUID, ut inspecta est studiosae littera dextrae,
 Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
 An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphûs
 Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
 Forsitan & quare mea sint alterna requiras 5
 Carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.
 Flendus amor meus est: elegeïa flebile carmen;
 Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
 Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
 Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager. 10
 Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoïdos Aetnae,
 Me calor Aetnaeo non minor igne coquit.
 Nec mihi, dispositis quae jungam carmina nervis,
 Proveniunt; vacuae carmina mentis opus.
 Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellae, 15
 Nec me Lesbium caetera turba juvant.
 Vilis Anaëtorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
 Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis;
 Atque aliae centum, quas non sine crimine amavi:
 Improbe, multarum quod fuit unus habes. 20
 Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.
 O facies oculis insidiosa meis!
 Sume fidem & pharetram; fies manifestus Apollo:
 Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.



S A P P H O
TO
P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'st my heart command
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse, 5
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are born. 10
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please, 15
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine! 20
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;

Et Phoebus Daphnen, & Gnosida Bacchus amavit;

Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.

At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant;

Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.

Nec plus Alcaeus, confors patriaeque lyraeque,

Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.

Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit 35

Ingenio formae damna rependo meae.

Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,

Est mihi; mensuram nominis ipsa fero. 40

Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheia Perseo

Andromede, patriae fusca colore suae:

Et variis albae junguntur saepe columbae,

Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.

Si, nisi quae facie poterit te digna videri, 45

Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.

At me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar;

Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.

Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)

Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas. 50

Haec quoque laudabas: omnique a parte placebam,

Sed tum praecipue, cum fit amoris opus.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

5

Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair, 25
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame;
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame:
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee. 30
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre, 35
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends. 40
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign, 45
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy: 50
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love?
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue, 55
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.

Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat, 60
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi iam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova praeda puellae;
Quid mihi cum Lesbos? Sicelis esse volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum,
Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandae mendacia linguae: 65
Quae dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quae montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua sum) vati consule, diva, tuae.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem? 70
Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta coerula remo: 75
Quasque male amisit, nunc male quaerit opes:
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam defint, quae me sine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas,
Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis:
Non agitur vento nostra carina suo. 80
Ecce jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veste tegor vili: nullum est in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuisse laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abest.

In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, 60
'Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast 65
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains! 70
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame 75
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs encreas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast:
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes? 80
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling di'monds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind, 85
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!

8 SAPPHO PHAONI.

Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis;
 Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem. 90
 Sive ita nascenti legem dixere sorores,
 Nec data sunt vitae fila severa meae;
 Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistrae,
 Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit,
 Quid mirum, si me primae lanuginis aetas 95
 Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest?
 Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
 Et faceres; sed te prima rapina tenet.
 Hunc si conspiciat, quae conspicit omnia, Phoebe;
 Iussus erit somnos continuare Phaon. 100
 Hunc Venus in coelum curru vexisset eburno;
 Sed videt & Marti posse placere suo.
 O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis aetas!
 O decus, atque aevi gloria magna tui!
 Huc ades, inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros: 105
 Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare finas.
 Scribimus, & lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis:
 Aspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco.
 Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius îsses, 110
 Et modo dixisses: Lesbî puella, vale.
 Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti:
 Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
 Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria: nec tu,
 Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
 Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dedissem
 Ulla, nisi ut nolles immemor esse mei. 120

Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love: 90
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains,
By charms like thine which all my soul have won, 95
Who might not — ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep. 100
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race, 105
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;
The less my sense, the more my love appears. 110
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you)
Farewell my Lesbian Love, you might have said,
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive, 115
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves and live.

Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat, Amorem,

Perque novem juro, numina nostra, Deas;

Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:

Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui;

Et lacrymae deerant oculis, & lingua palato:

Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.

Postquam se dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,

Nec puduit scissis exululare comis:

Non aliter quam si nati pia mater adempti

Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos,

Gaudet & e nostro crescit moerore Charaxus 135

Frater; & ante oculos itque reditque meos.

Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;

Quid dolet haec; certe filia vivit, ait.

Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat

Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu. 140

Tu mihi cura, Phaon: te somnia nostra reducunt;

Somnia formoso candidiora die.

Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis; 145

Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.

Saepe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,

Saepe tuae videor supposuisse meos. 150

Blandior interdum; verisque simillima verba

Eloquor; & vigilant sensibus ora meis.

Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood, 125
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th'impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses and my breast I wound; 130
I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears, 135
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare, 140
My woes thy crimes, I to the world proclaim:
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day, 145
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine: 150
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses, give, and take:

Oscula cognosco; quae tu committere linguae,
Aptaque consuêras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; sed omnia fiunt,
Et juvat, & sine te non libet esse mihi.
At cum se Titan ostendit, & omnia secum;
Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.
Antra nemusque peto, tanquam nemus antraque pro-
fint, 160
Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,
Quae mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.
Invenio sylvam, quae saepe cubilia nobis 166
Praebuit, & multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum sylvaeque, meumque.
Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas: 170
De nostro curvum Pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuisti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami positis lugere videntur
Fronibus; & nullae dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie moestissima mater 175
Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores:
Haëtenus, ut media caetera nocte silent.
Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni, 180
Fons sacer; hunc multi numen habere putant,
Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero cespite terra viret.

Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
Yet while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly, 155
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove, 160
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'er grown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone. 166
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before:
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay; 170
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew,
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie, 175
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below: 180
A flow'ry Lotus spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.

Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus, 185

Constitit ante oculos Naias una meos.

Constitit, & dixit, „Quoniam non ignibus aequis

„Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.

„Phoebus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit aequor:

„Aëtiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.

„Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhae succensus amore

„Misit, & illaeso corpore pressit aquas. 125

„Nec mora: versus Amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhae

„Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.

„Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam

„Leucada; nec saxo defiluisse time.,,

Ut monuit, cum voce abiit, Ego frigida surgo: 200

Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genae.

Ibimus, o Nymphae, monstrataque saxa petemus.

Sit procul infano victus amore timor.

Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, subito.

Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.

Tu quoque mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti:

Ne sim Leucadiae mortua crimen aquae.

Inde chelyn Phoebæ communia munera ponam:

Et sub ea versus unus & alter erunt.

Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood, 185

Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood:

She stood and cry'd, „O you that love in vain!

„Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.

„There stands a rock, from whose impending steep

„Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep; 190

„There injur'd lovers leaping from above,

„Their flames extinguish and forget to love.

„Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,

„In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd;

„But when from hence he plung'd into the main,

„Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain. 196

„Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw

„Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps be-

„low! „

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice — I rise,

And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes. 200

I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;

How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!

I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;

Let female fears submit to female fires.

To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate, 205

And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.

Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,

And softly lay me on the waves below!

And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain

Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,

Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!

On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,

And this Inscription shall be plac'd below.

„Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,

„Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;

„Grata lyram posui tibi, Phoebe, poëtria Sappho:

„Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi.,,

Cur tamen Aëtiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,

Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?

Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda: 220

Et forma & meritis tu mihi Phoebus eris.

An potes, o scopulis undaque ferocior illa,

Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meae?

At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,

Quam poterant faxis praecipitanda dari! 225

Haec sunt illa, Phaon, quae tu laudare solebas;

Visaeque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.

Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obstat;

Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.

Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires 230

Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.

Lesbides aequoreae, nupturaque nuptaque proles;

Lesbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra;

Lesbides, infamem quae me fecistis amatae;

Definite ad citharas turba venire meas.

Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat. 235

(Me miseram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)

Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.

Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit. 240

Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?

An riget? & Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?

Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent

Hoc te, si sciperes, lente, decebat opus.

Sive redis, puppique tuae votiva parantur

Munera; quid laceras pectora nostra mora?

„What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;

„The Gift, the giver, and the God agree.,,

But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?

Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be 220

And Phœbus' self is less a God to me.

Ah! can'st thou doom me to the rocks and sea,

O far more faithless and more hard than they?

Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast

Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom prest; 225

This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;

Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.

Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,

Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;

My languid numbers have forgot to flow, 230

And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.

Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,

Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,

No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,

No more these hands shall touch the trembling string: 235

My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign

(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)

Return, fair youth, return, and bring along

Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:

Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires; 240

But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?

Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers move

One savage heart, or teach it how to love?

The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers bear,

The flying winds have lost them all in air! 245

Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious gales

To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?

Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare praestet eunti.

Aura dabit cursum; tu modo solve ratem.

Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido:

Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.

Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho;

(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.) 255

(O saltem miserae, Crudelis, epistola dicat:

Ut mihi Leucadiae fata petantur aquae.)



If you return — ah why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain; 250
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales:
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly — (yet ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?) 255
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either cease to live or cease to love!





Portrait of a woman, the daughter of John Brown
taken within the hour of her death
Nov. 19



*Ah Wretch! believ'd the Spouse of God in vain
Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.*

Ed: to Ab:

ELOISA
TO
ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth Century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation; that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. P.

E L O I S A
 TO
 A B E L A R D.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
 When heav'nly - pensive contemplation dwells,
 And ever - musing melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long - forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love! — From Abelard it came,
 And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd; **10**
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
 O write it not my hand — the name appears
 Already written — wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays, **15**
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs; and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! **20**
 Shrines! where their vigils pale - ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!

Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, 25

Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;

Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,

Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloze,

That well-known name awakens all my woes. 30

Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!

Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.

I tremble too, where'er my own I find,

Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow, 35

Led thro' a sad variety of woe:

Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,

Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!

There stern Religion quench'd th'unwilling flame,

There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame. 40

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join

Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;

And is my Abelard less kind than they?

Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare, 45

Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;

To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;

Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief. 50

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;

They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires;

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,

The virgin's wish without her fears impart, 55
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind, 61
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung; 65
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man. 70
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties, 75
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,

NOTES.

VER. 66. *And truths divine, etc.* He was her Preceptor in
Philosophy and Divinity.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 75.
Love will not be confin'd by Maisterie:
When Maisterie comes the Lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings and forthwith is he gone.

Chaucer. P.

August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall, 85
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee! 90
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
No craving void left aking in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies; 100
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd, 105
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,

When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil, 111
 The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale:
 Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,
 And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew, 115
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow. 120
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
 Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
 Give all thou canst — and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize, 125
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r. 130
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores 135
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,

NOTES.

VER. 133. *You rais'd these hallow'd walls;* He founded the
 Monastery. P.

28 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
 But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise. 140
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night;
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, 145
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
 (O pious fraud of am'rous charity!) 150
 But why should I on others pray'rs depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
 Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd 155
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the
 hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze; 160
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
 But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws 165
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene.
 Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,

Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods, 170

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign, 175
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Affist me, heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair? 180

Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view, 185
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;

Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget! 190

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?

How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?

Unequal task, a passion to resign, 195
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!

How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain, — do all things but forget? 200

30 ELOISA TO ABELARD.

But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, my self — and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he 205
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
 Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd; 210
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 „Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;„
 Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
 Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
 Grace shines around her with serenest beams, 215
 And whispering Angels prompt her golden dreams.
 For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
 And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
 For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
 For her white virgins Hymenæals sing. 220
 To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
 And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
 Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
 When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, 225
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
 Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
 All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee,
 O curst, dear horrors of all conscious night!

NOTES.

VER. 212. *Obedient slumbers, etc.*) Taken from Crashaw. P.

How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! 230

Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove,

And stir within me ev'ry source of love.

I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,

And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.

I wake: — no more I hear, no more I view, 235

The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.

I call aloud; it hears not what I say:

I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.

To dream once more I close my willing eyes;

Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! 240

Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go

Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,

Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,

And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.

Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies; 245

Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.

I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,

And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain

A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain; 250

'Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;

No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.

Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,

Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n, 255

And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?

The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.

Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;

Ev'n thou art cold — yet Eloisa loves. 260

Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn

To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear, where'er I turn my view?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise, 265
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the Martin lamp in sighs for thee,—
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear. 270
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd, 275
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul: 280
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears; 285
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll! 290
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;

Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu! 296

O Grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality! 300

Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls, 305
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.

„Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
„Thy place is here, sad sister, come away! 310
„Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
„Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
„But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
„Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
„Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear: 315

„For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.,,
I come, I come! prepare your roseat bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow: 320

Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breast, and catch my flying soul!
Ah no — in sacred vestments may'st thou stand, 325

The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me. 330
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
 'Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
 And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
 Oh Death all-eloquent! you only prove 335
 What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
 Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
 (That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
 In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd, 339
 Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,
 From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
 And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
 May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
 And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
 Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er, 345
 When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
 If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds; 350
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
 „Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!„

NOTES.

VER. 343. *May one kind grave, etc.*) Abelard and Eloisa were interred in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete; he died in the year 1142, she in 1163. P.

ELOISA TO ABELARD. 35

From the full choir, when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye 355
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine, 360
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell! 364
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.



And with the young of the year, the

230

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TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of *Exercises*, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried by his early Bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into Miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume. P.



Millions of suppliant Crouds the Shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
 The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage
 And boasting Youth, and narrative Old age.
 Temple of Fame.



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THE
T E M P L E
OF
F A M E.

Written in the Year MDCCXI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title: where-ever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes. P.

THE
T E M P L E
OF
F A M E.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
 When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
 As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest 5
 And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
 (What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
 While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And join'd, this intellectual scene compose. 10
 I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
 The whole creation open to my eyes:

NOTES.

VER. I. *In that soft season, etc.*) This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf, etc.* of the latter. The Author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. II. etc.) These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise and circling oceans flow;
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen, 15
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
 There trees, and intermingled temples rise;
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays. 20

O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild permiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld, 25
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of Ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and flipp'ry was the way;

IMITATIONS.

Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
 Now hills, and now mountains,
 Now vales, and now forestes,
 And now unneth great bestes,
 Now rivers, now citees,
 Now towns, now great trees,
 Now shippes sayling in the sees. P.

VER. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, etc.)* Chaucer's *this d*
book of Fame.

It stood upon so high a rock;
 Higher standeth none in Spayne —
 What manner stone this rock was,
 For it was like a lymed glass,
 But that it shone full more clere;
 But of what congel'd matere
 It was, I niste redily;
 But at the last espied I,
 And found that it was every dele,
 A rock of ise, and not of stele.

The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd to distant sight, of solid stone. 30
 Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And Poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found. 36
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. 40
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of Praise.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 31. *Inscriptions here, etc.)*

Tho saw I all the hill y-grave
 With famous folkes names sele,
 That had been in much wele
 And her fames wide y-blow;
 But well unneth might I know,
 Any letters for to rede
 Ther names by, for out of drede
 They weren almost off-thawen so,
 That of the letters one or two
 Were molte away of every name,
 So unfamous was woke her fame;
 But men said, what may ever last. P.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, etc.)*

Tho gan I myne harte cast,
 That they were molte away for heate,
 And not away with stormes beate.

Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
 Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:
 The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
 Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
 From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt; 50
 Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
 Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt!
 Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away, 55
 And on th'impaſſive ice the light'nings play;
 Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th'incumbent ſky;
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
 The gather'd winter of a thouſand years, 60
 On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
 Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries, etc.)*

For on that other ſide I ſey
 Of that hill which northward ley,
 How it was written full of names
 Of folke, that had afore great fames.
 Of old time, and yet they were
 As freſh as men had written hem there
 The ſelf day, or that houre
 That I on hem gan to poure:
 But well I wiſte what it made;
 It was conſerved with the ſhade
 (All the writing that I ſye)
 Of the caſtle that ſtoode on high,
 And ſtood eke in ſo cold a place,
 That heate might it not deface. P.

Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face 65
 Of various structure, but of equal grace:
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the different quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
 Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn, 70
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
 The walls in venerable order grace:
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd 75
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield: 80
 There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds th'Hesperian spoil:
 Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, etc.*) The Temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: The Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms, and arts. P.

VER. 81. *There great Alcides, etc.*) This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese. P.

Amphion there the loud creating lyre 85
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend, 90
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.
 The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th'Assyrian fame, 95
 And the great founder of the Persian name:
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand;
 The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd. 100
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd th'unbody'd shades
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
 Made visionary fabricks round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r, 105
 And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
 Superior and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

NOTES.

VER. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name!*) Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldæans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago. P.

But on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Ægypt's Priests the gilded niches grace, 110
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in goldan harness drew:
 His hands a bow a pointed jav'lin hold; 115
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
 O'er wrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride. 120
 There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.

NOTES.

VER. 110. *Ægypt's priests, etc.*) The learning of the old Egyptian Priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: they also preserved the History of their nation. Their greatest Hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, etc. He is said to have caused the Kings he vanquished to draw him in his Chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time. P.

VER. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,*) The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters. P.

There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood, 126
 Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that died to be by Poets sung.
 These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name, 130
 In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall, 135
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the founding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd: 140
 Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
 Full in the passage of each spacious gate, 145

NOTES.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards, etc.*) These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an afterlife, and for the gloey of a song from their bards in praise of their actions. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 132. *The wall in lustre, etc.*)
 It shone lighter than a glass,
 And made well more than it was,
 As kind thing of Fame is.

The sage Historians in white garments wait;
 Grav'd o'er their feats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms. 150
 High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
 His feet on sceptres and tiara's trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minerva's, shone; 155
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought: 160
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind 165
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

NOTES.

VER. 152. *The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;* Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian Princes: his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors. P.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;* Timoleon had sav'd the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood. P.

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these 170
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell.
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
 And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more,
 But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;

NOTES.

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, etc.)* Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an Oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him; who readily signed his own name. P.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.)* In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character to the manner and character of their writings. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns, etc.)*

From the dees many a pillere,
 Of metal that shone not full clere, etc.
 Upon a pillere saw I stonde
 That was of lede and iron fine,
 Him of the sect Saturnine,
 The Ebraicke Josephus the old, etc.

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand, 180
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
 Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;
 Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast; 185
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the Pillar seen:
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall, 190
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t'affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect. 195
 A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;

IMITATIONS.

Upon an iron pillar strong,
 That painted was all endlong,
 With tiger's blood in every place,
 The Tholosan that hight Stace,
 That bare of Thebes up the name, etc. P.

VER. 182.)

Full wonder hye on a pillere
 Of iron, he the great Omer,
 And with him Dares and Titus, etc. P.

VER. 196, etc.)

There saw I stand on a pillere
 That was of tinned iron cleere,
 The Latin Poet Virgyle,
 That hath bore up of a great while
 The fame of pius Aeneas:

Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unweary'd art:
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat, 200
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead; 205
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
 Æneas bending with his aged fire:
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
 ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.
 Four swans sustain a car of silver bright, 210
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight;

NOTES.

VER. 210. *Four swans sustain. etc.*) Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games. P.

IMITATIONS.

And next him on a pillere was
 Of copper, Venus clerke Ovide,
 That hath sown wondrous wide
 The great God of Love's fame —
 Tho saw I on a pillar by
 Of iron wrought full sternly,
 The great poet Dan Lucan,
 That on his shoulders bore up then
 As hye as that I might see,
 The fame of Julius and Pompee.

And next him on a pillere stode
 Of sulphur, like as he were wode,
 Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
 That bare up all the fame of hell, etc. P.

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings. 215
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
 The champions in distorted postures threat; 220
 And all appear'd irregularly great.
 Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
 Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t'infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse. 225

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224. *Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage t'infuse The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.*) This expresses the mix'd character of the odes of Horace: the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

Spiritus Graiæ tenuem camœnæ.

As another which follows, to

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,

The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book.

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo

Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,

Ludo fatigatumque somno,

Fronde nova puerum palumbes

Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus —

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis

Dormirem & ursis; ut premerer sacra

Lauroque collataque myrto,

Non sine Diis animosus infans,

which may be thus englished;

While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,

And in a desert sleeping lay;

The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd

The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
 A work outlasting monumental Brass.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
 The Doves, that round the infant poet spread 230
 Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
 His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
 And various Animals his sides surround; 235
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
 The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand 240
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
 And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise.
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies: 245
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
 The vivid em'ralsds there revive the eye; 250
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream;

IMITATIONS.

To touch the Muses' future bard;
 But Cytherea's gentle dove
 Myrtles and Bays around me spread,
 And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
 Sacred to Music and to Love. P.

And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne; 255
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd, 260
 'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler Vista's open'd to my view:
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long files extend. 265
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand listn'ning ears.
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine 270
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature, etc.)*

Methought that she was so lite,
 That the length of a cubite
 Was longer than she seemed be;
 But thus soone in a while she,
 Her selfe tho wonderly straight,
 That with her feet she the earth reight,
 And with her head she touchyd heaven — P.

VER. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, etc.)*

I heard about her throne y - sung
 That all the palays walls rung,
 So sung the mighty Muse, she
 That cleped is Colliope,
 And her seven sisters eke — P.

For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
 With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last, eternal, thro' the length of days, 275
 Around these wonders as I cast a look,
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall: 279
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly, 285
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field,
 Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddesses bend;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage, 290
 And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 276. *Around these wonders, etc.)*

I heard a noise approchen blive,
 That far'd as bees done in a hive,
 Against her time of outlying;
 Right such a manere murmuring,
 For all the world it seemed me.
 Tho gan I look about and see
 That there came entring into th'hall,
 A right great company withal;
 And that of sundry regions,
 Of all kind of conditions, etc. — P.

VER. 294. *Some she disgrac'd, etc.)*

And some of them she granted sone,

Unlike successes equal merits found. 295

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r. 299

Long have we sought t'instruct and please mankind,

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;

But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,

We here appeal to thy superior throne:

On wit and learning the just prize bestow,

For Fame is all we must expect below. 305

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise

The golden trumpeter of eternal Praise:

From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,

That fills the circuit of the world around;

Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud; 310

The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:

By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,

Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies,

At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,

Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread; 315

Less fragrant scents th'unfolding rose exhales,

Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,

Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.

IMITATIONS.

And some she warned well and fair,

And some she granted the contrair —

Right as her sister dame Fortune

Is wont to serve in commune. P.

VER. 318. *The good and just, etc.)*

Tho came the third companye,

And gan up to the dees to hyc,

And down on knees they fell anone,

And saiden: We ben everichone

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd, 320
 And the best men are treated like the worst,
 Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd: 325
 Let fuller nothes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another croud
 Prefer the same request, and lowly bow'd;
 The constant tenour of whose well-spent-days 330
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

IMITATIONS.

Folke that han full truely
 Deserved Fame right-fully,
 And prayen you it might be knowe
 Right as it is, and forth blowe.

I grant, quoth she, for now we list
 That your good works shall be wist.
 And yet ye shall have better loos,
 Right in despite of all your foos,
 Than worthy is, and that anone.
 Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone —
 And certes all the breath that went
 Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
 As men a pot of baume held
 Among a basket full of roses — P.

VER. 328, 338. *Behold another croud, etc. — From the black
 trumpet's rusty, etc.*

Therewithal there came anone
 Another huge companye,
 Of good folke —
 What did this Eolus, but he
 Tooke out his trump of brass,
 That fouler than the devil was:
 And gan this trump for to blowe,
 As all the world should overthrowe,

But strait the direful Trump of Slander sounds;
 Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies, 335
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpeter's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
 The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies, 340
 And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
 For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
 We sail in tempests down the stream of life; 345
 For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
 And swam to empire thro' the purple flood. 347
 Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
 What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
 Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
 Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd; 351
 There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone.
 Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
 A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
 And each majestic phantom sunk in night. 355

IMITATIONS.

Throughout every regione
 Went this foul trumpeter's sounne,
 Swift, as a peller out of a gunne,
 When fire is in the powder runne,
 And such a smoke gan out wende,
 Out of the foul trumpeter's ende — etc. P.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
 But safe in deserts from th'applause of men, 360
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite,
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake. 365
 And live there men, who flight immortal fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 356. *Then came the smallest, etc.)*

I saw anone the fifth route,
 That to this lady gan loute,
 And downe on knees anone to fall,
 And to her they besoughten all.
 To hiden their good works eke?
 And said, they yeve not a leke
 For no fame ne such renowne:
 For they for contemplacyoune,
 And Goddes love had it wrought,
 Ne of fame would they ought.
 What quoth she, and be ye wood?
 And ween ye for to do good,
 And for to have it of no fame?
 Have ye despite to have my name?
 Nay ye shall lien everichone:
 Blowe thy trump, and that anone
 I (Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
 And ring these folkes workes by rote,
 That all the world may of it heare!
 And he can blow their loos so cleare,
 In his golden clarioune,
 Through the world went the sounne.
 All so kindly, and eke so soft,
 That their fame was blown aloft. P.

But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath, 370
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
 She said: in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning Angels lean from heav'n to hear: 375
 To furthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd.
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see 380
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair: 385
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
 Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name, 390
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 378. *Next these a youthful train, etc.*) The Reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

Tho came the sixth companye,
 And gan fast to Fame cry, etc.

being too prolix to be here inserted. P.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
 Around the shrine, and made the same request: 395
 What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall, 400
 The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
 Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
 Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
 Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
 And scornful hisses run thro' all the croud. 405
 Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
 Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
 Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
 On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics; 411
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th'immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire. 415
 At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
 Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, etc.)*

Tho came another companye,

That had y-done the treachery, etc. P.

VER. 418. *This having heard and seen, etc.* The Scene here changes from the temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair, 420
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores; 425
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,

IMITATIONS.

Tho' saw I stonde in a valey,
 Under the castle fast by
 A house, that Domus Dedali
 That Labyrinthus cleped is
 Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
 Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
 And evermo as swift as thought,
 This queint house about went,
 That never more it still stent —
 And eke this house hath of entrees
 As many as leaves are on trees,
 In summer, when they ben grene;
 And in the roof yet men may sene
 A thousand hoels and well mo
 To letten the soun out go;
 And by day in every tide
 Ben all the doors open wide,
 And by night each one unshet;
 No porter is there one to let,
 No manner tydings in to pace:
 Ne never rest is in that place. P.

VER. 428. *As flames by nature to the, etc.*) This thought is
 transferred hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes
 up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus,
 Geffray, thou worrest well this, etc. P.

As to the sea returning rivers roll, 430
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear,
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here. 435
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance, 440
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
 Another ambient circle then they move;
 That, in its turn, impels the next above; 445
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.
 There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 448. *There various news I heard, etc.*

Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
 Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
 Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
 Of love and hate, accord and strife,
 Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
 Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
 Of divers transmutations
 Of estates and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
 Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
 Of good, of bad government,
 Of fire, and of divers accident. P.

Of loss and gain, of famine and of store, 450
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
 Of turns of Fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great, 455
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true,
 Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away; 460
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
 Astrologers, that future fates foreflew,
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
 And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands

IMITATIONS.

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within, etc.*

But such a grete Congregation
 Of folke as I saw roame about,
 Some within, and some without,
 Was never seen, ne shall be eft —
 And every wight that I saw there
 Rowned everich in others ear
 A new tyding privily,
 Or else he told it openly
 Rigt thus, and said, Knowst not thou
 That is betide to night now?
 No, quoth he, tell me what?
 And then he told him this and that, etc.
 — Thus north and south
 Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
 And that encreasing evermo,
 As fire is wont to quicken and go
 From a sparkle sprong amiss,
 Till all the citee brent up is. P.

With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place, 466
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
 And all who told it added something new, 470
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travel'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance, 475
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lyes are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown and fit to grace a mortal tongue, 480
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon; 485
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Born by the trumpeter's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.
 There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lye and truth contending for the way; 490

IMITATIONS.

VER. 489. *There, at one passage, etc.)*

And sometime I saw there at once,

A lesing and a sad sooth saw

That gonnen at adventure drow

Out of a window forth to pace —

And no man, be he ever so wrothe,

Shall have one of these two, but bothe, etc. P.

And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lye;
The strict companions are for ever join'd, 495
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise? 500

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others breath, 505
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!

Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)

The great man's curse, without the gains endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor; 510

All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor Fame I flight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase costs so dear a price 515
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:

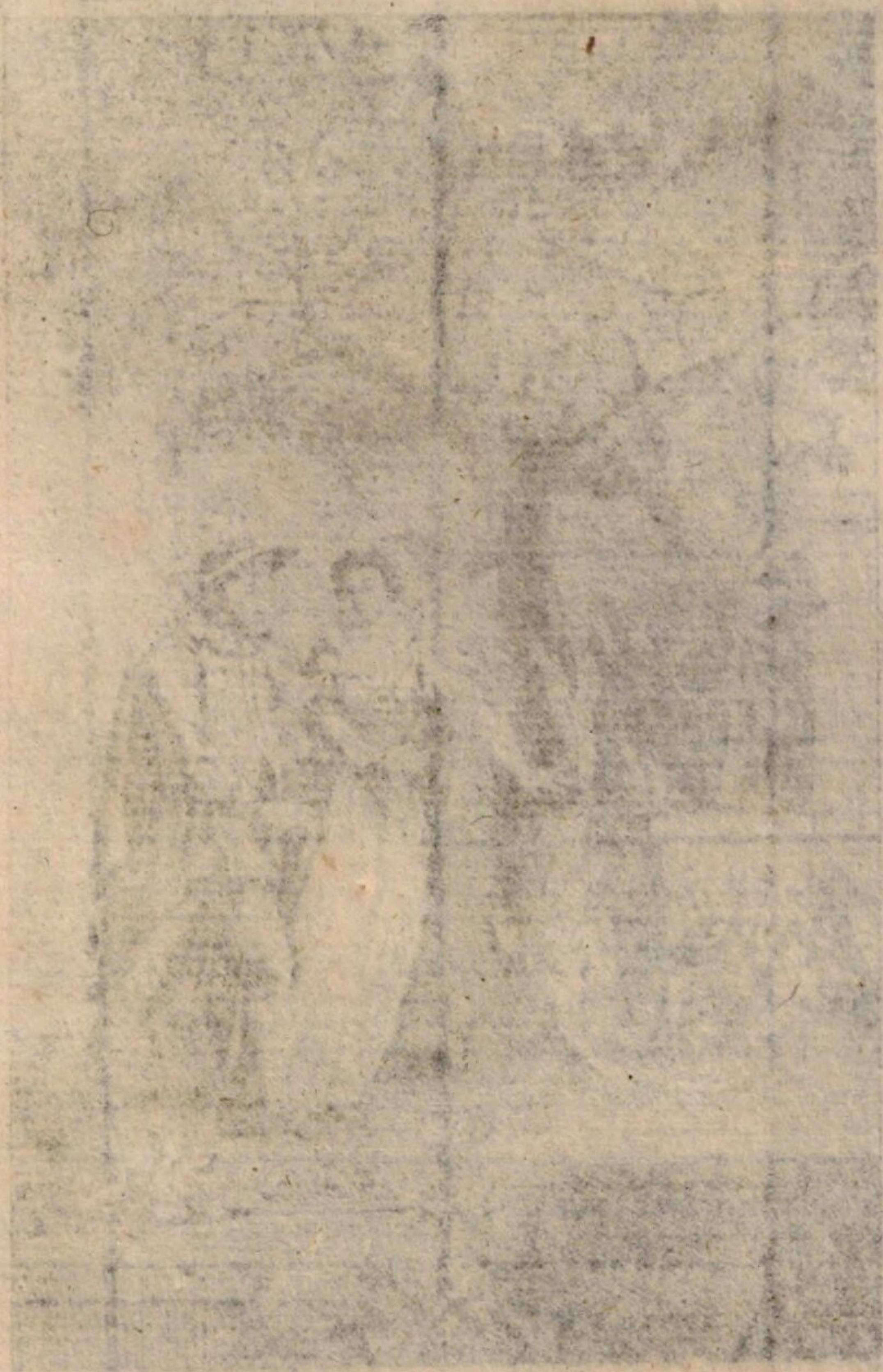
NOTES.

VER. 497. *While thus I stood, etc.*) The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the Addition of a *Moral* to the whole. In *Chaucer* he only answers „he came to see the place; and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprized at the sight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright. P.

68 THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame; 520
Then teach me, heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!





5

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, likely a signature or date, though it is illegible due to fading.



Old as he was and void of Eye-sight too,
 What could alas! a helpless Husband do.

Jan et May. &c.

JANUARY
AND
MAY:
OR THE
MERCHANT'S TALE.
FROM
CHAUCER.

J A N U A R Y
A N D
M A Y.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write.

In days of old, a wife and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace.
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights, 5
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:

For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more; 10
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.

This was his nightly dream, his daily care, 15
And to the heav'nly pow's his constant pray'r,
Once ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

NOTES.

January and May.) This Translation was done at sixteen or
seventeen years of Age. P.

These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.) 20
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair, 25
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more: 30
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd 35
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day: 40
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they stile a wife 45
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wise these scandalous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard. 50

All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n.
 A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.
 Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
 Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
 One solid comfort, our eternal wife, 55
 Abundantly supplies us all our life:
 This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
 As long as heart can wish — and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd
 Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd, 60
 With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
 And wander'd in the solitary shade:
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
 Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he 65
 That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
 His father's blessing from an elder son; 70
 Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
 Perserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
 At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword 75
 Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
 Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
 And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
 Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife. 80
 His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
 To pass their judgment and to give advice;

But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;

(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd (and cast a mournful look 85

Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)

Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,

And worn with cares, am halt'ning to my end;

How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,

In worldly follies, which I blush to tell; 90

But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,

With due regret I view my vices past,

And, as the precept of the Church decrees,

Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.

But since by counsel all things should be done, 95

And many heads are wiser still than one;

Chuse you for me, who best shall be content

When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,

To guide your choice; this wife must not be old: 100

There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,

Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed,

My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace

Of a stale virgin with a winter face:

In that cold season Love but treats his guest 105

With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.

No crafty widows shall approach my bed;

Those are too wise for batchelors to wed;

As subtle clerks by many schools are made,

Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses o'th' trade; 110

But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,

We form like wax, and mold them as we please.

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;

'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;

Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse, 115
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?

Then should I live in leud adultery,
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.
 Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
 The righteous end were lost, for which I wed; 120
 To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
 And not for pleasure only, or for love.

Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
 When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
 Those that are blest with store of grace divine, 125
 May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
 (As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may)
 My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
 And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part. 130

Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
 These rev'rend honours on my hoary head;
 Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
 The vital sap then rising from below:

Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear 135
 Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
 Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
 Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide;
 The knotty point was urg'd on either side: 140
 Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
 Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
 Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
 Each wond'rous positive, and wond'rous wise,
 There fell between his brothers a debate, 145
 Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
 (Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone)
 Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
 As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
 Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice, 151
 To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
 But with the wiseman's leave, I must protest,
 So may my soul arrive at ease and rest
 As still I hold your old advice the best. 155

Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
 And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
 And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
 To let my betters always have their will.
 Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white, 160
 My word was this, Your honour's in the right.
 Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
 As his mistaken patron to advise,
 Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
 A noble fool was never in a fault. 165
 This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
 Is weigh'd with judgment, and besits a Lord:
 Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
 Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man;
 At least, your courage all the world must praise, 170
 Who dare to wed in your declining days.
 Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
 And let grey fools be indolently good,
 Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
 With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence. 175

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
 Thus, with a Philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the first degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust 180
To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your Lady's qualities at least: 185
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar, fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find 190
In all this world, much less in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And spight of all his praises must declare, 196
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear;
While all my friends applaud my blissful life, 200
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain. 205
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in Age:
But at these years, to venture on the fair;
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,

To please a wife, when her occasions call, 210
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, Sir, the chafteft you can chufe
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I fpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious fermen here is at end. 215

'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Most worthy kinfman, faith you're mighty wife!
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the caufe
To heath'nifh authors, proverbs, and old faws.
He fpoke with fcorn, and turn'd another way: — 220
What does my friend, my dear Placebo fay?

I fay, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
To flander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council rofe, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way; 225
With full confent, that, all difputes appeas'd,
The knight fhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his foul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind poffeff,
And reign'd the fhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaft;
While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in fome public Forum fix'd on high,
A Mirrour fhows the figures moving by; 235
Still one by one, in fwift fucceffion, paff
The gliding fhadows o'er the polifh'd glafs.
This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile fufpicions had afpers'd her fame;
That was with fenfe, but not with virtue, blest; 240
And one had grace, that wanted all the reft.

Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
 He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
 Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,
 But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind: 245
 Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
 Her easy motion, her attractive air,
 Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
 Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
 And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
 Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
 And told them all, their pains were at an end.
 Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
 Provides a consort worthy of my bed: 255
 Let none oppose th' election, since on this
 Depends my quiet, and my future bliss,

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
 Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
 Chaste, tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born, 260
 Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
 Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n so please;
 To pass my age in sanctity and ease:
 And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
 The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none! 265
 If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
 My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
 By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;
 That 'tis too much for human race to know 270
 The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.
 Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,

To match the blessings of the future state,
 Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
 Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
 Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
 Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
 Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
 And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent, 280
 That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
 Good heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.

Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair:
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair, 285
 One, that may do your business to a hair;
 Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
 But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
 Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
 Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow! 290
 Provided still, you moderate your joy:

Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
 Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
 Old wives there are, of judgment most acute, 295
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;
 Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
 Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.

So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
 The match was offer'd, the proposals made. 300
 The parents you may think, would soon comply;
 The Old have int'rest ever in their eye.
 Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
 When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.

I pass each previous settlement and deed, 305
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
 The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
 At once with carnal and devout intent: 310

Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
 Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
 Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
 And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide, 315
 The guests appear in order, side by side,
 And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride.
 The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
 And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
 The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring, 320
 These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling
 string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
 Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
 Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain, 324
 Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
 (So Poets sing) was present on the place:
 And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
 Shook high her flaming torch in open sight:
 And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight:
 Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try, 331
 No less in wedlock, than in liberty.

Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
 So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride:
 Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng 335

For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song:
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day;
The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age. 340

The beauteous dame fate smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian King:
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day, 345
And fresh and blooming as the month of May
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th'entrancing raptures of th'approaching night, 350
Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place, 355
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious squire,
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire. 360
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie; till his relenting dame 365
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
Forsook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky, 370
Then rose the guests; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t'undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th'assistance to receive, 375
Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old Bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times. 380

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd,
What next ensu'd beseems not me to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night; 386
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast; 390
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.

But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell, 395
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;

Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run, 400
(Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call. 405
The squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.

Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent; 410
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May:
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view! 415
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night, 420
'Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light,
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray. 425

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;

Whatever was the cause, the tender dame 430
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
 Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
 And waded in the soft infectious fire,
 Ye fair draw near, let May's example move
 Your gentle minds to pity those who love! 435
 Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
 The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:
 But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
 Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd 440
 Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of humankind:
 Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
 Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
 For, like a Prince, he bore the vast expence
 Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence: 445
 His house was stately, his retinue gay,
 Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
 His spacious garden made to yield to none,
 Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
 Priapus could not half describe the grace 450
 (Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:
 A place to tire the rambling wits of France
 In long descriptions, and exceed Romance;
 Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
 Of painted meadows, and of purling springs. 455

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
 A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
 The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
 About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
 The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue:
 Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,

In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled thro' the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair, 465
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat; 370
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.

For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure, 475

How short a space our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit; 480
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind, 485
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
His wife nor suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures and confin'd her sway,
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain, 490
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye,
For oh, 'twas fixt; she must possess or die!

Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire. 495

Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain,
By secret writing to disclose his pain:

The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail, 500
Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?

'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes: 505

So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;

She took the wards in wax before the fire, 510
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.

By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which in due place and season, you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What flight is that, which love will not explore?

And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show

The feats true lovers, when they list, can do;

Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,

They found the art of kissing thro' a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray; 520

It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,

Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play;

He rais'd his spouse e'er Martin-bell was rung,

And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes; 525
 Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
 Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
 And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
 The winter's past; the clouds and tempest fly;
 The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
 Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part 531
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian strait a sign she made, 535
 To haste before: the gentle Squire obey'd,
 Secret, and undescry'd he took his way,
 And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
 And hand in hand with him his lovely dame; 540
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
 He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
 Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
 So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife, 545
 Art far the dearest solace of my life;
 And rather would I chuse, by heav'n above,
 To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
 Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,
 When unendow'd, I took thee for my own, 550
 And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
 Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
 Nor age, nor blindness rob me of delight.
 Each other loss with patience I can bear, 555
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
 As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
 Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain; 560
 And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
 My whole estate shall gratify your love:
 Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
 Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss, 565
 And will perform, by this — my dear, and this —
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
 'Tis love, not jealousy that fires my mind.
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
 And join'd to them my own unequal age, 570
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
 For who that once possess those heav'nly charms,
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms?
 He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd;
 (Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd:)
 Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
 I have a soul to save as well as you;
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,
 My dearest honour, will to death defend. 580
 To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
 Yet after this, if you distrust my care,
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear:
 First may the yawning earth her bosom rend, 585
 And let me hence to hell alive descend;
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
 Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well:

Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race. 590

For know, Sir knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loath a whore, and startle at the name.

But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:

Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me? 595

These doubts and fears of female constancy!

This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,

The only strain a wife must hope to hear.

Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian kneeling, worship'd as she past, 600

She saw him watch the motions of her eye,

And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:

'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,

And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.

Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace, 605

And climbing, in the summit took his place;

The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,

Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run; 610

And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,

To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.

Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,

Had streak'd the azure firmament with light; 614

He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,

And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning-tide,

The Fairies sported on the garden side,

And in the midst their Monarch and his bride.

So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round, 620

The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
 The dances ended, all the fairy train
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;
 While on a bank reclin'd of rising green, 625
 Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Quæen.

'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
 The treachery you women use to man:
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt. 630

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
 A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree,
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
 For sagely hast thou said; Of all mankind, 635
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
 But should'st thou search the spacious world around,
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
 The son of Sirach testifies no less. 640
 So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
 Or some devouring plague consume you all;
 As well you view the leacher in the tree,
 And well this honourable Knight you see:
 But since he's blind and old (a heapless case) 645
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
 And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
 That in my presence offers such a wrong. 650
 I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
 And in the very act restore his sight:

And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true. 655

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed;
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age; 660
Art shall be theirs to vanish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear, 665
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender dear;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this fland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one; 670
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman Authors tell, 675
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone 680
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)

Built a fair Temple to the Lord of hosts; 685
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
 And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
 Beware what lavish praises you confer
 On a rank leacher and idolater;
 Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ, 690
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
 David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities, 696
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lyes.
 By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
 Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath, 701
 That this much-injur'd Knight again should see:
 It must be done — I am a King, said he,
 And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said) — I am a Queen: 705
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain, 710
 And to the Knight our story turns again;
 Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
 Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
 This was his song; „Oh kind and constant be,
 „Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee.,” 715

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
 By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
 She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods, she cry'd,
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side?
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
 Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!
 Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife! 725

So sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
 Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
 What could, alas! a heapless husband do?
 And must I languish then, she said, and die, 730
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?

At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
 Do you but stoop and leave the rest to me. 735

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
 With that his back against the trunk he bent,
 She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all! 740
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
 'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
 Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
 What feats the lady in the Tree might do,
 I pass, as gambols never known to you; 745
 But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
 Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
 Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent, 750
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
 But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
 Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky: 755
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
 Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
 I thought your patience had been better try'd:
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind, 760
 This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,
 By struggling with a Man upon a Tree?
 Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love? 765

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight)
 So heav'n preserve the fight it has restor'd
 As with these eyes I plainly saw the whor'd;
 Whor'd by my slave — perfidious wretch! may hell
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well. 771

Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
 Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
 Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me: 775
 So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect fight,
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
 For by th'immortal pow'rs it seem'd too plain —

By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd you mind,
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
 She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
 The ready tears apace began to flow,
 And as they fell she wip'd from either eye 785
 The drops (for women, when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd,
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said, 791
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
 Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
 By heav'n, I swore but what I *tought* I saw.

Ah my lov'd lord! t'was much unkind (she cry'd)
 On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride, 796
 But till your sight's establish'd for a while,
 Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
 Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray, 800
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
 So just recovering from the shades of night,
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
 your sight:

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem; 805
 Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
 Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
 'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind;
 Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss. 810

With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse. 816

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.







*Ye Sovereign Wives! give ear et understand
Thus shall ye speed et exercise Command.
Wife of Bath.*

THE
WIFE OF BATH,
HER
PROLOGUE.
FROM
CHAUCER.

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OF
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CHAPTER

THE
WIFE OF BATH.
FROM
CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part, 5
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive Husbands from the Church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days; 10
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd; 15
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

Encrease and multiply, was heav'n's command
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their fires and mothers leave,
„And to their dearer wives for ever cleave.“ 20
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,

Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd,
 I've had myself full many a merry fit;
 And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind, 25
 Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
 There's danger in assembling fire and tow; 30
 I grant'em that, and what it means you know.
 The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
 No precept for Virginity he found:
 'Tis but a counsel — and we women still
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will. 35

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows 40
 One proper gift, another grants to those:
 Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,
 And give up all his substance to the poor;
 Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
 But, by your leave, Divines, so am not I. 45

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,
 Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man:
 Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
 And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
 For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n, 50
 And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
 Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
 And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:

His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine. 55

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign,
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.

Presents flow'd in apace: with shew'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old. 65
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives! give ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man, 70
To lye so boldly as we women can:

Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies,

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay? 75
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam —
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.

Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend, 80

Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend?
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil. 85

" If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;
 If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
 If highly born, intolerably vain,
 Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
 Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic, 90
 Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
 I fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
 By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side:
 If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
 Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures, 95
 Or else she dances with becoming grace,
 Or shape excuses the defects of face.
 There swims no goose so grey, but, soon or late,
 She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses, men may try, 100
 And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
 But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
 Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
 And all the woman glares in open day. 105

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,
 Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
 And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
 If by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd 110
 Before my fine complexion must be prais'd.
 My garments always must be new and gay,
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day,
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid. 115
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lyes.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
 What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair, 120
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine? 125
 Sir, I'm no fool: nor shall you, by St. John,
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.
 One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes —
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
 If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will, 130
 „Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
 „Take all the freedoms of a married life;
 „I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
 How merrily soever others fare? 135
 Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
 Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
 'Tis but a just and rational desire,
 To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array, 140
 And none can long be modest that are gay.
 The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
 The chimney keeps, and sit content within;
 But once grown fleek, will from her corner run,
 Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun; 145
 She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
 To shew her furr, and to be catterwaw'd,
 Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
 These three right ancient venerable fires.

106 THE WIFE OF BATH.

I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do, 150
 I told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
 I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
 And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
 I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
 And swore the rambles that I took by night, 156
 Where all to spy what damsels they bedight.
 That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
 For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
 Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace 160
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night. 165
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
 I levied first a tax upon his need;
 Then let him — 'twas a nicety indeed!
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold, 170
 Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
 With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
 But fulsom love for gain we can endure;
 For gold we love the impotent and old, 174
 And heave, and pant, and kifs, and cling, for gold.
 Yet with embraces, curses oft I mixt,
 Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable, 180
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.

But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,

„Billy, my dear, how ſheepiſhly you look?

„Approach, my ſpouſe, and let me kiſs thy cheek;

„Thou ſhould'ſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek!

„Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft you preach,

„Well ſhould you practice, who ſo well can teach.

„'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,

„But I, my deareſt, will inſtruct you how.

„Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife, 190

„Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.

„One of us two muſt rule, and one obey;

„And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,

„Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.

„The wives of all my family have rul'd 195

„Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.

„Eye, 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan;

„What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?

„Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!

„Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart. 200

„Would I vouchſafe to ſell what nature gave,

„You little think what cuſtom I could have.

„But ſee! I'm all your own — nay hold — for ſhame!

„What means my dear — indeed — you are to blame.“

Thus with my firſt three Lords I paſt my life; 205

A very woman, and a very wife.

What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe,

Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days.

Tho' paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,

Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye. 210

In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,

And ſung as ſweet as ev'ning Philomel.

To clear my quail-pipe, and reſreſh my ſoul,

108 THE WIFE OF BATH.

Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl; 214
 Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
 And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
 For 'tis as sure, as cold ingenders hail,
 A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
 Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
 As all true gamesters by experience know. 220

But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
 On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
 To find in pleasures I have had my part,
 Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
 This wicked world was once my dear delight; 225
 Now all my conquests, all my charms good night!
 The flour consum'd, the best that now I can,
 Is e'en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
 He kept 'twas thought, a private Miss or two: 230
 But all that score I paid — as how? you'll say,
 Not with my body, in a filthy way:
 But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
 And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
 As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry, 235
 With burning rage, and frantick jealousy.
 His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
 For here on earth I was his purgatory.
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
 He put on careless airs, and sat and sung. 240
 How sore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
 He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,
 With other gossips, from Jerusalem;
 And now lies buried underneath a Rood, 245

Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.
 A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
 Or where inhurn'd the great Darius lay;
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away. 250
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
 So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best;
 (Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest)
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew, 255
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains: 260
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
 He boarded with a widow in the town, 265
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.
 Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
 Better than e'er our parish Priest could do.
 To her I told whatever could befall:
 Had but my husband piss'd against a wall, 270
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
 She — and my niece — and one more worthy wife,
 Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.
 Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame, 275
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

110 THE WIFE OF BATH.

It so befel in holy time of Lent,
 That oft a day I to this gossip went;
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town)
 From house to house we rambled up and down. 280
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.
 Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
 And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade,
 The Stations duly, and the Virgils kept; 285
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
 At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay.
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
 This Clerk and I were walking in the fields. 291
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
 I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn. 295
 We strait struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
 I still have shifts against a time of need:
 The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
 Can never be a mouse of any soul. 299

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
 And drufft be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
 If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alonn,
 And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown:
 All this I said; but dream, sirs, I had none:
 I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore, 305
 Who bid me tell this lye — and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we past;
 It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.

THE WIFE OF BATH. III

I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
 And beat my breasts, as wretched widows — must.
 Before my face my handkerchief I spread, 311
 To hide the flood of tears I did — not shed.
 The good man's coffin to the Church was born;
 Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too mourn.
 But as he march'd, good Gods! he shew'd a pair 315
 Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
 Of twenty winters age he seem'd to be;
 I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
 But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
 And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame. 320
 A Conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,
 Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
 As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
 Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
 Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace, 325
 And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
 By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
 I follow'd always my own inclination.
 But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away.
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day. 330
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
 But oft repented, and repent it still;
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:
 Nay once by heav'n he struck me on the face; 335
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
 Stubborn as any Lions was I;
 And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
 As true a rambler as I was before,
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore. 340

He, against this right sagely would advise,
 And old examples set before my eyes,
 Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
 Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
 And chose the sermon, as beseem'd his wit, 345
 With some grave sentence out of holy writ.
 Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
 Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home. 350
 All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally;
 And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
 Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
 A certain treatise oft at ev'ning read, 356
 Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
 For all their lyes) were in one volume bound.
 Valerius, whole: and of St. Jerome, part;
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art, 360
 Solomon's proverbs, Eloisa's loves:
 And many more than sure the Church approves.
 More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
 Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
 Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man. 365
 But could we women write as scholars can,
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise. 270
 Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen;

When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow. 375
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe. 380
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire,
Wrap'd in th' envemon'd shirt, and set on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytæmnestra laid.
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame, 385
And husband-bull — oh monstrous, fie for shame!

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw; 390
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
Rain follows thunder, that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twin'd 395
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be, 400

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove
Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love;

114 THE WIFE OF BATH.

That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought :
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head, 405
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have
 slain,
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
 All this he read, and read with great devotion. 410

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and
 frown'd ;
 But when no end of these vile tales I found,
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain,
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore, 415
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
 With that my husband in a fury rose,
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.
 I groan'd, and lay extended on my side ;
 Oh ; thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd) 420
 Yet I forgive thee — take my last embrace —
 He wept, kind soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my face.
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
 Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu !

But after many a hearty struggle past, 425
 I condescended to be pleas'd at last.
 Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
 Do what you list, the term of all your life :
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ; 430

Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames, 434
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!



THE LIFE OF DAVID

DAVID was a man of many parts. He was a warrior, a statesman, a poet, and a king. He was a man of great courage and great faith. He was a man who was loved by his people and feared by his enemies. He was a man who was a blessing to his people and a curse to his enemies. He was a man who was a light to the world and a shadow to the devil. He was a man who was a king of men and a king of angels. He was a man who was a king of the living and a king of the dead. He was a man who was a king of the world and a king of the universe. He was a man who was a king of all things and a king of all men. He was a man who was a king of all creation and a king of all existence. He was a man who was a king of all things and a king of all men. He was a man who was a king of all creation and a king of all existence. He was a man who was a king of all things and a king of all men. He was a man who was a king of all creation and a king of all existence.

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THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATIUS
HIS
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year MDCCIII.

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
STATUTES
IN
THE REIGN

OF EDWARD THE FIRST

ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and marry'd his mother Jocasta; put out his own eyes, and resign'd the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having kill'd his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having receiv'd an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Choroëbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renew'd, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he needs not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his Childhood. But finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few years afterwards.

P. STATII
THEBAIDOS
LIBER PRIMVS.

Fraternas acies, alternaque regna profanis
 Decertata odiis, fontesque evolvere Thebas,
 Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
 Ire, Deae? gentisne canam primordia dirae?
 Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
 Legis Agenoreae? scrutantemque aequora Cadmum?
 Longa retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
 Agricola infandis condentem praelia fulcis IO
 Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
 Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
 Unde graves irae cognata in moenia Baccho
 Quod saevae Junonis opus; cui sumpserit arcum
 Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
 Ionium, socio casura Palaemone mater.

Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, & prospera Cadmi

Præteriisse sinam : limes mihi carminis esto 20

Oedipodæ confusa domus : quando Itala nondum

Signa, nec Arctoos ausim sperare triumphos,

Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum?

Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos :

Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis

Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiae decus addite famae,

Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis

Aeternum sibi Roma cupit : licet arctior omnes

Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida cœli

Pleiadum, Boreaeque, et hiulci fulminis expers 35

Sollicitet ; licet ignipedum frenator equorum

Ipsè tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum

Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter æqua

Parte poli ; maneat hominum contentus habenis,

Undarum terraeque potens, et sidera dones. 45

Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oestro

Facta canam : nunc tendo chelyn, satis arma referre

Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis,

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
 And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song 20
 At Oedipus — from his disasters trace
 The long confusions of his guilty race:
 Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
 And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing;
 How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood, 25
 While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;
 Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
 And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
 Or long before, with early valour strove,
 In youthful arms t'assert the cause of Jove. 30
 And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
 Encrease of glory to the Latian name!
 O bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
 Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
 What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space, 35
 And croud their shining ranks to yield thee place;
 Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
 Conspire to court thee from our world away;
 Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine
 And in thy glories more serenely shine; 40
 Tho' Jove himself no less content would be
 To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;
 Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
 O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
 Relinquish to Jove his empire of the skies, 45
 And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame
 Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
 Mean while permit, that my preluding Muse
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse: 50

Nec furiis post fata modum, flammisque rebelles

Seditione rogi, tumultisque carentia regum

Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes; 55

Caerula cum rubuit Lernaëo sanguine Dirce,

Et Thetis arentes assuetum stringere ripas,

Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.

Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immmodicum irae

Tydeæ? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?

Urget et hostilem propellens caedibus amnem

Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi

Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.

Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra

Merferat aeterna damnatum nocte pudorem

Oedipodes, longaue animam sub morte tenebat.

Illum indulgentem tenebris, imaeque recessu

Sedis, inaspectos coelo radiisque penates

Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis

Sæva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore Diræ. 75

Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitæ

Supplicium, ostentat cælo manibusque cruentis

Pulsat inane solum, sævaque ita voce precatur: 80

Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
 And fun'ral flames that parting wide in air
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts 55
 Of King unbury'd in the wasted coasts;
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
 In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep. 60

What Hero, Clio, wilt thou first relate?
 The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tyde?
 Or how the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd, 65
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
 And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,
 Led a long death in everlasting night; 70
 But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
 The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
 In frightful views, and makes it day within;
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll, 75
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul,
 The wretch then lifted to th'unpitying skies
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke. 80

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Or how the youth.*) Parthenopæus.

Dî fontes animas, angustaque Tartara poenis
 Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
 Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari
 Annue Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda, 85
 Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
 Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
 Firmâsti; si stagna peti Cyrrhaea bicorni 90
 Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso
 Contentus Polybo, trifidaeque in Phocidos arce
 Longaevum implicui regem, secuique trementis
 Ora senis, dum quaero patrem; si Sphingos iniquae
 Callidus ambages te praemonstrante resolvi;
 Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris 95
 Connubium gravifus inî; noctemque nefandam
 Saepe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi;
 Mox avidus poenae digitis cedentibus ultro
 Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui; 100
 Exaudi, si digna precor, quaeque ipsa furenti
 Subjiceres: orbum visu regnisque parentem
 Non regere, aut dictis moerentem flectere adorti
 Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce superbi
 (Pro dolor) et nostro jamdudum funere reges,
 Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.
 Hisne etiam funestus ego? et videt ista deorum
 Ignavus genitor? tu saltem debita vindex 110

Ye Gods, that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
 Thou, fable Stryx! whose livid streams are roll'd
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold:
 Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my pray'r, 85
 Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!
 If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:
 If leaving Polybus, I took my way
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day, 90
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
 Taught by myself to win the promis'd reign;
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, 95
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
 Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight; 100
 O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!
 My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn, 105
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
 These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride.
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride,
 Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above? 110
 Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail:

Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordine nepotes.

Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis

Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis

I media in fratres, generis confortia ferro 115

Diffiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri

Quod cupiam vidisse nefas, nec tarda sequetur

Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.

Talia jaectanti crudelis Diva severos

Advertit vultus; inamoenum forte sedebat

Cocyton juxta, resolutaque vertice crines,

Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.

Ilicet igne Jovis, lapsisque citatior astris

Tristibus exiliit ripis, discedit inane 130

Vulgus, et occurfus dominae pavet; illa per umbras,

Et caligantes animarum examine campos,

Taenariae limen petit irremeabile portae.

Sensit adesse dies; piceo Nox obvia nimbo 135

Lucentes turbavit equos, procul arduus Atlas

Horruit, et dubia coelum cervice remisit.

Arripit ex templo Maleae de valle refurgens 140

Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas

Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.

Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear; 115

Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!

Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands, 120
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

The Fury heard, while on Cocytus brink
Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink; 125
But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.

Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
The gliding light'ning, or descending star.
Thro' crouds of airy shades she wing'd her flight, 130
And dark dominions of the silent night;

Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th'iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies. 135

The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.

Now from beneath Male'as airy height 140
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.

A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade.

Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora ceraestae, 145
 Turba minor diri capitis: sedet intus abactis
 Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phoebes
 Attracea rubet arte labor: suffusa veneno 150
 Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis: igneus atro
 Ore vapor, quo longa sitis, morbique famesque,
 Et populis mors una venit, riget horrida tergo
 Palla, et coerulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
 Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus. 155
 Tum geminas quatit illa manus: haec igne rogali
 Fulgurat, haec vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
 Ut stetit, abrupta quæ plurimus arce Cithaeron
 Occurrit coelo, fera sibila crine virenti
 Congeminat, signum terris, unde omnis Achaei
 Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.
 Audiit et medius coeli Parnassus, et asper 165
 Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
 In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
 Ipsa suum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
 Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palaemona pressit.
 Atque ea Cadmaeo praeceps ubi limine primum 170
 Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,
 Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
 Gentilesque animos subiit furor, aegraque laetis.

NOTES.

VER. 173. *Gentilisque animos subit furor*, seems a better reading than *Gentilesque*.

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 131

A hundred serpents guard her horrid head, 145

In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow :

Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,

When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high

A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.

Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came

Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame. 151

From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,

Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.

A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown.

A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone. 155

She toss'd her meagre arms ; her better hand

In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand :

A serpent from her left was seen to rear

His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.

But when the Fury took her stand on high, 160

Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,

A hiss from all the snaky tire went round :

The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,

And thro' th'Achaian cities send the sound.

Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice ; 165

Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise ;

Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,

And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.

Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,

And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings, 170

Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds

Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds,

Strait with the rage of all their race possess'd,

Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,

And all their Furies wake within their breast, 175

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,

Invidia atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
 Saevus amor: ruptaeque vices, jurisque secundi
 Ambitus impatiens, & summo dulcius unum
 Stare loco, fociisque comes discordia regnis. 180
 Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
 Agricola imposito fociare affectat aratro:
 Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo
 Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
 In diversa trahunt, atque aequis vincula laxant
 Viribus, & vario confundunt limite sulcos:
 Haud fecus indomitos praeceps discordia fratres 190
 Asperat. alterni placuit sub legibus anni
 Exilio mutare ducem. sic jure maligno
 Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptrā tenentem
 Foedere praecipiti semper novus angeret haeres.
 Haec inter fratres pietas erat: haec mora pugnae
 Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.

Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo, 200
 Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
 Atria, congestos fatis explicitura clientes.
 Non impacatis regum advigilantia somnis 205
 Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
 Excubiae, nec cura mero committere geminas,
 Atque aurum violare cibis. sed nuda potestas
 Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
 Dumque uter angustae squallentia jugera Dirces

And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears :
 And sacred Thirst of sway ; and all the ties
 Of nature broke ; and royal perjuries ;
 And impotent desire to reign alone, 180
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne ;
 Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
 While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,
 And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke, 185
 Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
 Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
 But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
 And all the furrows in confusion lay :
 Such was the discord of the royal pair 190
 Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
 To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :
 Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,
 That mourns in exile his unequal fate, 195
 And the short monarch of a hasty year
 Foresees with anguish his returning heir,
 Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
 But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd, 200
 No fretted roof with polish'd metals blaz'd ;
 No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
 No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;
 No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
 Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate ; 205
 No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
 Nor silver vases took the forming mold ;
 Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,

Verteret, aut Tyrii folio non altus ovaret
 Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
 Et vitae, mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras, 210
 Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
 Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
 Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
 Quasque procul terras obliquo fidere tangit
 Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes 215
 Igne Noti? quid si Tyriae Phrygiaeve sub unum
 Conveſtentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandae
 Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est
 Oedipodae ſediſſe loco. Jam forte carebat
 Dilatus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, faeve, 220
 Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum ſolus in aula
 Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
 Et nuſquam par ſtare caput? Jam murmura ſerpunt
 Plebis Echioniae, tacitumque a principe vulgus
 Diſſidet, & (qui mos populis) venturus amatur,
 Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læſiſſe veneno
 Summa, nec impoſitos unquam cervice volenti
 Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aſpera rebus 225
 Fata rulare vicem? toties mutare timendos,
 Alternoque jugo dubitantia ſubdere colla!
 Partiti verſant populorum fata, manuque
 Fortunam fecere levem. ſemperne viciffim
 Exulibus ſervire dabor? tibi, ſumme deorum,

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 135

Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine —
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage: 210
Say, to what end your impious arms engage.
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day; 215
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day, 220
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent; 225
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway 230
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd — O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign? 235
Must we, alas! or doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
These now controul a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state: 240

Terrarumque fator, fociis hanc addere mentem

Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,

Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci

Pondera, Carpathio jussus fale quaerere Cadmus

Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros:

250

Fraternasque acies foetae telluris hiatu,

Augurium, feros dimisit adusque nepotes?

Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur

Saevior assurgens dempto consorte potestas?

Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia fastu?

Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti

Mitis, & affatu bonus & patientior aequi,

260

Quid mirum? non solus erat, nos vilis in omnes

Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.

Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus 265

Vela trahunt, nutat mediae fortuna carinae.

Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis

Aspera fors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur,

270

At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria coeli

Lectus concilio divum convenerat ordo

Ev'n fortune rules no more: — O servile land,
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
 Thou fire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate, 245
 From the first birth of our unhappy state;
 When banish'd Cadmus wand'ring o'er the main,
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
 And fated in Boeotian fields to found
 A rising empire on a foreign ground, 250
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
 What lofty looks th'unrival'd monarch bears!
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!
 What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow! 255
 Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
 Who more propitious to the suppliant croud? 260
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.
 Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!
 As when two winds with rival force contend, 265
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
 Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate. 270
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.

Interiore polo. spatiis hinc omnia juxta,
 Primaque occiduaeque domus, effusa sub omni
 Terra atque unda die, mediis sese arduus infert 280
 Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
 Stellantique locat folio. nec protinus ausi
 Coelicolae, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
 Tranquilla jubet esse manu. mox turba vagorum
 Semideum, & summis cognati nubibus Amnes,
 Et compressa metu servantes murmura Venti,
 Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
 Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
 Culmina, & arcano florentes lumina postes. 295
 Postquam jussa quies, siluitque exterritus orbis,
 Incipit ex alto: (grave & immutabile sanctis
 Pondus adest verbis, & vocem fata sequuntur)
 Terrarum delicta, nec exuperabile diris
 Ingenium mortale queror. quonam usque nocentum
 Exigar in poenas? taedet saevire corusco 301
 Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
 Brachia, & Aeoliis defunt incudibus ignes.

NOTES.

VER. 281.) *Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading; I believe it should be *nutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*. P,

And now th'almighty Father of the Gods
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes :
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies, 275
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
 Whence, far below the Gods at once survey
 The realms of rising and declining day
 And all th'extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne, 280
 The majesty of heav'n superior shone ;
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
 At Jove's assent, the deities around
 In solemn state the consistory crow'nd. 285
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs ;
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow ;
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow :
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease, 290
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
 A shining synod of majestic Gods
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes ;
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
 And the bright arch reflects a double day. 295
 The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
 And each irrevocable word is Fate.

How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy, 300
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky !
 Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
 Triumphant o'er th'eluded rage of Jove !
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,

Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos
 Solis equos, coelumque rotis errantibus uri,
 Et Phaëtontaea mundum squallere favilla. 310

Nil actum est, neque tu valida quod cuspide late
 Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dedisti.

Nunc geminas punire domos, quis sanguinis autor

Ipse ego, descendo, Perseos alter in Argos

Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.

Mens cunctis imposta manet. Quis funera Cadmi

Nesciat? & toties excitam a sedibus imis 321

Eumenidum bellasse aciem? mala gaudia matrum,

Erroresque feros nemorum, & reticenda deorum

Crimina? vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactae 325

Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.

Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius haeres

Patris, & immeritae gremium incestare parentis

Appetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.

Ille tamen Superis aeterna piacula solvit,

Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius aethere nostro

Vescitur: at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes 335

And unregarded thunder rolls in vain : 305
 Th'o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires ;
 Th'Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
 For this I suffer'd Phœbus steeds to stray,
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day.
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd, 310
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
 For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main :
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend ; 315
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
 The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
 From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know ?
 And the long series of succeeding woe : 320
 How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
 Arise, and mix'd with men in mortal fight :
 Th'exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood ;
 The savage hunter and the haunted wood :
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim, 325
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name ?
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
 The sun would sink into the western main,
 And rising gild the radiant east again.
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed) 330
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
 Thro' violated nature force his way,
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay ?
 Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
 And for the crimes of guilty fate atones ; 335
 His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,

Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tulisti,
 Dire senex; meruere tuae, meruere tenebrae
 Ultorem sperare Jovem, nova fontibus arma
 Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam 340
 Exitiale genus. belli mihi semina funto
 Adrastus focer, & superis adjuncta sinistris
 Connubia. Hanc etiam poenis incescere gentem
 Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
 Tantalus, & saevae periit injuria mensae.

Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi faucia dictis,
 Flammatos versans inopinum corde dolorem.
 Talia Juno refert: Mene, o justissime divum,
 Me bello certare jubes? scis semper ut arces 350
 Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
 Sceptra viris, opibusque juvem; licet improbus illic
 Custodem Phariae, somno letoque juvencae 355
 Extinguas, septis & turribus aureis intres.
 Mentitis ignosco toris, illam odimus urbem,
 Quam vultu confessus adis: ubi conscia magni 360
 Signa tori, tonitrus agis, & mea fulmina torques.
 Facta luant Thebae: cur hostes eligis Argos? 365
 Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,

Insult his wounds, and make them bled anew.
 Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just heav'n alarms,
 And sets th'avenging thunderer in arms.
 I from the root thy guilty race will tear, 340
 And give the nations to the waste of war.
 Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
 In dire alliance with the Theban line;
 Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
 The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed; 345
 Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
 Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
 He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
 (With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)
 Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend, 350
 Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend;
 Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
 Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
 Tho' there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
 And there deluded Argus slept, and bled; 355
 Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
 When Jove descended in almighty gold.
 Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
 Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
 But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms 360
 Thou can'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
 When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
 And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed,
 Curs'd Thebes the vangeance it deserves, may prove,
 Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove? 365
 Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
 Go, rase my Samos, let Mycene fall,

Et Samon, & veteres armis exscinde Mycenae.
 Verte solo Sparten cur usquam sanguine festo
 Conjugis ara tuae, cumulo cur thuris Eoi
 Laeta calet? melius votis Mareotica fumat
 Coptos, & aerisoni lugentia flumina Nili.
 Quod si prisca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
 Subvenitque tuis fera haec sententia curis; 380
 Percensere aevi senium, quo tempore tandem
 Terrarum furias abolere, & secula retro
 Emendare sat est? jamdudum ab sedibus illis
 Incipe, fluctivaga qua praeterlabitur unda 385
 Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
 Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis
 Imposuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
 Oenomaï, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Aemo
 Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
 Reliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
 Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
 Creta tuos. me Tantraleis consistere tectis,
 Quae tandem invidia est? belli despecte tumultus,
 Et generis miseresce tui. sunt impia late
 Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

And level with the dust the Spartan well :
 No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke, 370
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke ;
 But to your Isis all my rites transfer,
 Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her ;
 For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd, 375
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
 And from the long records of distant age
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage ; 380
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
 To date his vengeance ; to what bounds confin'd ?
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides. 385
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
 Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood ;
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found, 390
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
 Say, can those honours please ; and canst thou love
 Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove !
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care ? 395
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee ;
 On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose
 Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.

Not. VER. 399. *with such sons as those.* Eteocles and Polynices. P.

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno, 400

At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
Reddidit haec: Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda

Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet aequus) in Argos
Consulerem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit

Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionein
Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.

Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aequora fratris
Obtestor, mansurum & non revocabile verum,

Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales 415

Portantes praecedere Notos Cyllenia proles:

Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis

Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras

Laius, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum

Ultetior Lethes accepit ripa profundi 420

Lege Erebi: ferat haec diro mea iussa nepoti:

Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem

Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula

Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:

Hinc causae irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, & inde

Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis, 430

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd 400
 The rage and grief contending in her breast;
 Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
 And from his throne return'd this stern reply.
 'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
 The dire, tho' just, revenge which i prepare 405
 Against a nation thy peculiar care:
 No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
 Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,
 Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
 Their work, and rev'ence our superior will. 410
 For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
 (That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
 'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
 No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
 Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air; 415
 Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
 Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
 And give up Laius to the realms of day,
 Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
 Expects its passage to the further strand: 420
 Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear
 These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
 That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
 Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride.
 Almighty Jove commands him to detain 425
 The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
 Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
 The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

The God obeys, and to his feet applies
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies. 430
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,

Obnubitque comas, & temperat astra galero.

Tum dextrae virgam inferuit, qua pellere dulces

Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire 435

Tartara, & exangues animare assueverat umbras.

Desiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.

Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus 440

Carpit, & ingenti designat nubila gyro.

Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris

Oedipodionides furto deserta pererrat

Aoniae. jam jamque animis male debita regna 445

Concipit, & longum signis cunctantibus annum

Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recursans

Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno

Germanum, & semet Thebis, opibusque potitum,

Cerneret: hac aevum cupiat pro luce pacisci.

Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugae dispendia: sed mox

Attollit flatus ducis, & sedisse superbum

Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem 455

Extrahit, & longo consumit gaudia voto.

Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,

Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenae,

Ferre iter impavidum. seu praevia ducit Erinnyes,

Seu fors illa viae, sive hac immota vocabat

And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts, 435
 Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
 Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' etherial height; 440
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves
 (His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,
 While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight, 445
 His daily vision and his dream by night;
 Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
 With transport views the airy rule his own,
 And swells on an imaginary throne. 450
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
 And live out all in one triumphant day.
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost, 455
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
 Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,
 (Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest, 460
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
 And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
 From Bacchus consecrated caves he fled,

Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deferit, & pingues Baccheo sanguine colles. 465

Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithaeron
Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad aequora montem,
Praeterit. hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllaeaque rura
Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon
Linqvit, & in mediis audit duo littora campis.

Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phoebi 472
Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.

Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam Somnus avaris
Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat, 480
Grata laboratae referens oblivia vitae.

Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila coelo
Promisere jubar, nec rarefcentibus umbris
Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phoebo.

Densior a terris, & nulli pervia flammae 486
Subtexit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis
Aeoliae percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems; venti transversa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt, 490

Dum coelum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster
Inglomerat noctem, & tenebrosa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu
Perfoliat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiscunt
Fulgura, & attritus subita face rumpitur aether. 495

Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
 And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground. 465
 Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
 And thence declining gently to the main.
 Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
 Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores, 470
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores:
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night
 And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light, 475
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
 And brings, descending thro' the silent air, 480
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
 Promise the skies the bright return of day;
 No faint reflections of the distant light
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night; 485
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
 Encrease the darkness and involve the skies.
 At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
 Burst from th'Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
 With equal rage their airy quarel try, 490
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:
 But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
 From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
 Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs. 495

Jam Nemea, jam Taenareis contermina lucis
 Arcadiae capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
 Inachus, & gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.
 Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullae
 Aggeribus tenuere morae, stagnoque refusa est
 Funditus, & veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.
 Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellae
 Brachia sylvarum, nullisque aspecta per aevum
 Solibus umbrosi patuere aestiva Lycae.
 Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis §10
 Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
 Aure pavens, passimque insano turbine raptas
 Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens,
 Incertusque viae, per nigra silentia, vastum
 Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, & undique frater.
 Ac velut hiberno deprensus nativa ponto, §20
 Cui neque temo piger, neque amico fidere monstrat
 Luna vias, medio coeli pelagique tumultu
 Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut saxa malignis
 Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto
 Spumantes scopulos erectae incurrere prorae:
 Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeius heros
 Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum

From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
 And broken light'nings flash from ev'ry cloud.
 Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run, 500
 And Erasinus rolls a deluge on :
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
 And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
 Rush thro' the mounds, and bear the damms away: 505
 Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born,
 The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky, 510
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
 The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
 That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main. 515
 Thro' the brown horrors of the night he fled,
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread,
 His brother's image to his mind appears,
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears,
 So fares a sailor on the stormy main, 520
 When clouds conceal Boöte's golden wain,
 When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
 Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps ;
 He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
 While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies. 525
 Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd,
 Thus still his courage, with his toils increas'd ;

Excutiens stabula, & prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis moesta timoris.

Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis 530

Emicuit lucem devexa in moenia fundens

Larissaeus apex. illo spe concitus omni

Evolat. hinc celsae Junonia templa Prosymnae

Laevus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore 535

Lernaei stagna atra vadi, tandemque reclusis

Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit

Vestibula, hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes

Projicit, ignotaeque acclinis postibus aulae

Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia somnos.

Rex ibi tranquillae medio de limite vitae

In senium vergens populos Adrastus habebat, 540

Dives avis, & utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.

Hic sexus melioris inops, sed prole virebat

Foeminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.

Cui Phoebus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu!

Mox adaperta fides) aevo ducente canebat

Setigerumque suem, & fulvum adventare leonem.

Haec volvens, non, ipse pater, non, docte futuri 550

Amphiaræ, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.

Tantum in corde sedens aegrescit cura parentis.

Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens 555

Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum

Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora

Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequeustus et imbres,

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 155

With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Thro' thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height 530
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay, 535
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days. 540
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wound'rous to relate! 545
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung — "Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
"A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest; 550
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.

Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand 555
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Thro' the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the Fury of the tempest div'n,

Infusam tergo glaciem, & liquentia nimbis
 Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cuius 560
 Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat. —

Hic primum lustrare oculis cultusque virorum
 Telaque magna vacat; tergo videt hujus inanem
 Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
 Illius in speciem, quem per Teumesia Tempe
 Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis 570
 Ante Cleonaei vestitur praelia monstri.

Terribiles contra fetis, ac dente recurvo
 Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
 Exuviae, Calydonis honos, stupet omine tanto 575
 Defixus senior, divina oracula Phoebi

Agnosces, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
 Obtutu gelida ora premit, laetusque per artus
 Horror iit, sensit manifesto numine ductos 580

Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
 Portendi generos, voltu fallente ferarum,
 Ediderat, tunc sic tendens ad sidera palmas:

Nox, quae terrarum coelique amplexa labores
 Ignea multivago transmittis sidera lapsu,
 Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus aegris
 Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
 Tu mihi perplexis quaesitam erroribus ultro
 Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati
 Detegis. assistas operi, tuaque omina firmes!

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 157

He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n 560
'Till led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T'Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The King surveys his guests with curious eyes, 565
And views their arms and habit with surprize.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his name, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils. 570
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread.
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd with deep amaze, 575
The King th'accomplish'd Oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots thro' ev'ry vein. 580
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay, 585
'Till nature quicken'd by th'inspiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day.
Oh thou, who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh goddeſs! in our aid; 590
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.

Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni
 Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt
 Electa cervice greges, lustraliaque extra
 Lacte novo perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis. 595
 Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus;
 Deprendi, Fortuna, deos, sic fatus; et ambos
 Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulae
 Progreditur, canis etiamnum altaribus ignes 600
 Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri
 Servabant: adolere focos, epulasque recentes
 Instaurare jubet, dictis parere ministri 605
 Certatim accelerant, vario strepit ista tumultu
 Regia: pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
 Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas;
 Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas:
 Ast alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem 610
 Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
 His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
 Viscera caesarum pecudum: his, cumulare canistris
 Perdomitam saxo Cererem, laetatur Adrastus
 Obsequio fervere domum, jamque ipse superbis
 Fulgebat stratis, folioque effultus eburno.
 Parte alia juvenes ficcati vulnera lymphis 615
 Discumbunt: simul ora notis foedata tuentur,
 Inque vicem ignoscunt, tunc rex longaevus Acesten
 (Natarum haec alatrix, eadem et fidissima custos 620

We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
 And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
 The fable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
 And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke. 595
 Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
 Of awful Phœbus: I confess the Gods!

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
 Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;
 Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise, 600
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
 The relicks of a former sacrifice.

The King once more the solemn rites requires,
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
 His train obey, while all the courts around 605
 With noisy care and various tumult sound.

Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
 This flave the floor, and that the table spreads;
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light; 610
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne:
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest; 615
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
 Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd. 620
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear,
 When from the close apartments of the night,

Leſta ſacrum juſtae Veneri occultare pudorem)

Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.

Nec mora praeceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo

Arcano egreſſae thalamo (mirabile viſu)

Pallados armifonae, pharetrataeque ora Dianae 625

Aequa ferunt, terrore minus, nova deinde pudori

Viſa virum facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque

Purpureas hauſere genas: oculique verentes

Ad ſanctum rediere patrem. Poſtquam ordine menſae

Viſta fames, ſignis perfectam auroque nitentem

Iaſides paternam famulos ex more popoſcit,

Qua Danaus libare deis ſeniorque Phoroneus 635

Aſſueti, tenet haec operum caelata figuras:

Aureus anguicomam praefecto Gorgona collo

Ales habet, iam jamque vagas (ita viſus) in auras

Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora

Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallescit in auro.

Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis: 640

Gargara deſidunt ſurgenti, et Troja recedit.

Stant moeſti comites, fruſtraque ſonantia laxant

Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant. 645

Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos

Coelicolas: Phoebum ante alios, Phoebum omnis ad aras

Laude ciet comitum, famulumque, evincta pudica

Fronde, manus: cui feſta dies, largoque reſecti

Thure vaporatis lucent altaris ignes. 655

The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face; 625
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
 But that in these a milder charm endears,
 And less of terror in their looks appears,
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
 O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise, 630
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
 Which Danaüs us'd in sacred rites of old, 635
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold,
 Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
 And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.
 There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
 Still as he rises in th'etherial height,
 His native mountains lessen to his sight;
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze; 645
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
 The first libations sprinkled on the ground,
 By turns on each celestial pow'r they call; 650
 With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall,
 The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
 Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
 While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
 Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise. 655

Forſitan, o juvenes, quae ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
 Praecipuum cauſis Phoebi obteſtemur honorem,
 Rex ait, exquirunt animi, non inſcia ſuaſit
 Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim 660
 Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
 Poſtquam coerulei ſinuofa volumina monſtri,
 Terrigenam Pythona, deus ſeptem orbibus atris
 Amplexum Delphos, ſquamisque annofa terentem
 Robora, Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore triſulco
 Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
 Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,
 Cyrrhaeique dedit centum per jugera campi
 Vix tandem explicitum; nova deinde piacula cædi
 Perquirens, noſtri teſta haud opulenta Crotopi
 Attigit, huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis, 670
 Mira decore pio, ſervabat nata penates
 Intemerata toris, felix, ſi Delia nunquam
 Furta, nec occultum Phoebæ ſociaſſet amorem.
 Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,
 Bis quinos plena cum fronte reſumeret orbes
 Cynthia, ſidereum Latonæ foeta nepotem
 Edidit: ac poenæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
 Donaſſet thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
 Eligit: ac natum ſep̄ta inter ovilia furtim
 Montivago pecoris cuſtodi mandat alendum
 Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti 689
 Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno

Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,
 These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
 To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
 Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
 Great was the cause; our old solemnities 660
 From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
 But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
 These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain
 With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain, 665
 (Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
 And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
 To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
 And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
 This rural prince one only daughter blest, 670
 That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd,
 Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
 Where filial love with virgin sweetness joi'nd.
 Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
 Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd! 675
 But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
 Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:
 Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
 Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born,
 The Nymph, her father's anger to evade, 680
 Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
 To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
 And trusts her infant to a sheperd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
 Ah how unworthy those of race divine? 685
 On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
 His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,

Texta domus ; clausa arbutei sub cortice libri
 Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,
 Et pecori commune solum, sed fata nec illum
 Concessere larem : viridi nam cespite terrae
 Projectum temere, et patulo coelum ore trahentem
 Dira canum rabies morfu depasta cruento 695
 Disjicit, hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
 Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
 Et metus. ipsa ultro faevis plangoribus amens
 Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus 700
 Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro
 Imperat, infandum ! cupientem occumbere leto.

Sero memor thalami, moestae solatia morti,
 Phoebe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
 Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis, cui virginis ora
 Pectoraque, aeternum stridens a vertice surgit
 Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis :
 Haec tam dira lues nocturno squallida passu 710
 Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
 Abripere altricum gremiis, morfuque cruento
 Devesci, et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.

Haud tulit armorum praestans animique Choroebus ;
 Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi 715
 Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,
 Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates

He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
 While the rude swain his rural music tries,
 To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes. 690
 Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
 Was more, alas ! than cruel fate would give ;
 For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
 And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
 Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore, 695
 Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
 Th'astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
 Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
 With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
 And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair; 700
 Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies,
 Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
 The raging God prepares t'avenge her fate.
 He sends a monster, horrible and fell, 705
 Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
 The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ;
 High on a crown a rising snake appears,
 Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs :
 About the realm she walks her dreadful round, 710
 When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
 Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
 And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Chorcæbus warms,
 Chorcebus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms ; 715
 Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
 Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
 These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
 The direful monster from afar descry'd ;

Portarum in bivio, lateri duo corpora parvum 720
 Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus haeret,
 Ferratique ungues tenero sub corde tepescunt.
 Obvius huic, latus omne virum stipante coronâ,
 It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro 725
 Condidit; atque imas animae mucrone corusco
 Scrutatus latebras, tandem in sua monstra profundo
 Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et visere juxta
 Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
 Proluviem, et crasso squalentia pectora tabo,
 Qua nostrae cecidere animae. stupet Inacha pubes,
 Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.
 Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
 Proterere exanimes artus, asprosq; molares
 Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.
 Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes 735
 Impastae fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
 Orave sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiasse luporum.

Saevior in miseros fati ulticis ademptae
 Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra 740
 Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
 Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclosum
 Tecta superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
 Labuntur dulces animae: Mors fila fororum
 Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.

Quaerenti quae causa duci, quis ab aethere laevus
 Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum,
 Idem autor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento
 Inferias monstro juvenes, qui cæde potiti. 750

Two bleeding babes depending at her side ; 720
 Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
 And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
 The youths surround her with extended spears ;
 But brave Choræbus in the front appears,
 Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword, 725
 And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
 Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,
 Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
 Her spotted breast, and gaping womb embru'd
 With livid poison, and our childrens blood. 730
 The croud in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
 Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
 Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
 And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
 The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste, 735
 With hollow screeches fled the dire repast ;
 And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
 And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
 Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow, 740
 And hissing flew the feather'd fates below :
 A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
 The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground :
 And now a thousand lives together fled,
 Dead with his scythe cut off the fatal thread, 745
 And a whole province in his triumph led.

But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
 And raging Sirius blatts the sickly year ;
 Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
 And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell. 750

Fortunate animi, longumque in faecula digne
 Promeriture diem ! non tu pia degener arma
 Oculis, aut certae trepidas occurrere morti.
 Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhaei in limine templi 755
 Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras :

Non missus, Thymbraee, tuos supplexve penates
 Advenio : mea me pietas, et conscia virtus
 Has egere vias. ego sum qui caede subegi,
 Phoebe, tuum mortale nefas ; quem nubibus atris,
 Et squalente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri
 Quaeris, inique, poli. quod si monstra effera magnis
 Cara adeo Superis, iacturaque vilior orbis, 769
 Mors hominum, et saevo tanta inclementia coelo est ;
 Quid meruere Argi ? me, me, divum optime, solum
 Objecisse caput fatis praeestabit. an illud
 Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
 Tecta vides ? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
 Lucet ager ? sed quid fando tua tela manusque
 Demoror ? expectant matres, supremaque fundunt
 Vota mihi, fatis est : merui, ne parcere velles.
 Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
 Insignemque animam leto demitte : sed illum
 Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper immines Argis,
 Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors aequa merentes
 Respicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia caedis 780
 Latoiden, tristemque viro summissus honorem

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
 Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,
 Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
 In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
 But view'd the shrine with a superior look, 755
 And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,
 And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
 Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
 Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here. 760
 Thy monster's death to me was 'ow'd alone,
 And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
 Impervious clouds conceal'd thy fullen rays;
 For whom as Man no longer claim'd thy care, 765
 Such numbers fell by pestilential air!

But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
 From Gods above no more compassion find;
 I such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
 Yet why must un-offending Argos feel 770
 The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
 Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
 Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
 Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light. 775

Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
 And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
 But for my country let my fate atone,
 Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves: 780
 Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives:
 For not the vengeful pow'r, that glo'wd with rage,

Largitur vitae, nostrò mala nubila coelo
 Diffugiunt, at tu stupefacti a limine Phoebi
 Exoratus abis. inde haec statuta sacra quotannis
 Solemnnes recolunt epulae, Phoebeiaque placat
 Tempula novatus honos. has forte invisis aras.
 Vos quae progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus
 Et Parthaoniae (dudum si certus ad aures
 Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs: tu pande quis Argos
 Advenias? quando haec variis sermonibus hora est.

Dejecit moestos extemplo Ismenius heros
 In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea laesum
 Obliquare oculos. tum longa silentia movit:
 Non super hos divûm tibi sum quaerendus honores
 Unde genus, quae terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
 Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.
 Sed si praecipitant miserum cognoscere cûrae,
 Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebae,
 Et genetrix Jocasta mihi. tum motus Adrastus
 Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?
 Scimus, ait; nec sic aversum famâ Mycenis 810
 Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes
 Novit, et Arctoïs si quis de solibus horret,
 Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occasibus intrat

With such amazing virtue durst engage.
 The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
 And from the wond'ring God th'unwilling youth retir'd.
 Thence we these altars in his temple raise, 786
 And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
 These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
 These honours, still renew'd, his antient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the King) 790
 What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
 The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
 Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
 Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
 And silent hours to various talk invite. 795

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
 Confus'd, and sadly thus at lenght replies:
 Before these altars how shall I proclaim
 (Oh gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,
 Or thro' what veins our antient blood has roll'd?
 Let the sad tale for ever rest untold. 801
 Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
 You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
 Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
 Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place. 805
 To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
 Touch'd with concern for unhappy guest)
 Replies: — Ah why forbears the son to name
 His wretched father, known too well by fame!
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray: 810
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
 Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
 And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,

Oceanum, et si quos incerto littore Syrtes 815

Destituunt: ne perge queri, casusque priorum

Annumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum

Erravit pietas; nec culpa nepotibus obstat. 820

Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis

Excusare tuos. Sed jam temone supino

Languet Hyperboreae glacialis portitor urae. 825

Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum

Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.

Phoebe parens, seu te Lyciae Pataraea nivosis

Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico 890

Castaliae flavos amor est tibi mergere crines;

Seu Troyam Thyinbraeus habes, ubi fama volentem

Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares:

Seu juvat Aegaeum feriens Latonius umbrâ

Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quaerere Delon:

Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes

Arcus, et aetherii dono cessere parentes

Aeternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas

Parcarum praenôsse minas, fatumque quod ultra est,

Et summo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus, 840

Bella quibus populis, mutent quae sceptrâ cometae.

Tu Phryga submittis citharae. tu matris honori

Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 173

The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands; 815
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.

If on the sons the parents crimes descend, 820
What Prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.

But see! the stars begin to steal away, 825
And shine more faintly at approaching day.
Now pour the wine, and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast; 830
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dew's thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes, 835
The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods:
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove, 840
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of Sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire 845
T'excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;

Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.

Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem

Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megaera 850

Jejunum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem

Aeterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis

Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt,

Adsis o, memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva 855

Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari

Gentis Achaemeniae ritu. seu praestat Osirin

Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri

Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mithram.



Book I. THEBAIS OF STATIUS. 175

Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of my mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous off-spring for a fatal boast. 850

In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine! 855
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields, to sow the golden grain; 860
Or Mitra, to whose beam the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.



THE
FABLE
OF
DRYOPÉ.

From the NINTH Book of
OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

D R Y O P E

IN

A R B O R E M.

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commota ministrae,
 Ingemuit; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem:
 Te tamen, o genitrix, alienae sanguine vestro
 Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
 Fata meae referam? quanquam lacrymaeque dolorque
 Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
 (Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima formâ 10
 Oechalidum Dryope; quam virginitate carentem,
 Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
 Excipit Andraemon; et habetur conjuge felix.
 Est lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam 15
 Littoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.
 Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia; quoque
 Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.

NOTES.

DRYOPE.) Upon the Occasion of the Death of Hercules, his Mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a

THE
F A B L E
OF
D R Y O P E.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
 When the fair Consort of her son replies.
 Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride.) 10
 This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
 Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
 Andræmon lov'd; and blest'd in all those charms
 That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around, 15
 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
 These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
 And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought:

NOTES.

relation of those of her own family, in particular the Transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable.

180 DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat. 20

Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.

Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato 25

Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;

Namque aderam. vidi guttas e flore cruentas

Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri. 30

Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,

Lotis in hanc Nymphæ, fugiens obscœna Priapi,

Contulerat versos, servato nomine vultus.

Nescierat soror hoc; quæ cum perterrita retro 35

Ire, et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis,

Hæserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat: 40

Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo,

Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.

Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,

Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant.

At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi

Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit

Ubera: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor. 50

Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast. 20
Not distant far, a wat'ry Lotus grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian die:
Of these she crop'd to please her infant son, 25
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook. 30
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name,
This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground: 40
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th'encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast, 50

182 DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
 Non poteram tibi ferre, soror: quantumque valebam,
 Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar:
 Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
 Ecce vir Andraemon, genitorque miserrimus, adfunt,
 Et quaerunt Dryopen; Dryopen quaerentibus illis
 Ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno, 60
 Adfusiue suae radicibus arboris haerent.
 Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
 Cura soror. lacrymae verso de corpore factis
 Irrorant foliis; ac, dum licet, oraque praestant 65
 Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus:
 Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro
 Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine poenam, 70
 Viximus innocuae: si mentior, arida perdam,
 Quas habeo, frondes; & caesa securibus urar. 75
 Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
 Et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbore saepe
 Lac facitote bibat; nostraque sub arbore ludat.
 Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet, 80
 Et tristis dicat, Latet hoc sub stipite mater.

And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
 Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.
 I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
 And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
 Embarc'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd, 55
 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andræmon and th'unhappy fire
 Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;
 A springing tree for Dryope they find,
 And print warm kisses on the panting rind. 60
 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
 And close embrace, as to the roots they grew.
 The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
 No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
 Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear, 65
 From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear,
 And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
 Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains:

If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,
 I swear by all th'unpitying pow'rs of heav'n, 70
 No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
 In mutual Innocence our lives we led:
 If this be false, let these new greens decay,
 Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
 And crackling flames on all my honours prey. 75
 But from my branching arms this infant bear,
 Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
 And to his mother let him oft be led,
 Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
 Teach him, when his first infant voice shall frame 80
 Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
 To hail this tree; and say with weeping eyes,

184 DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:

Et frutices omnes corpus putet esse Dearum.

Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!

Quis si qua est pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis, 90

A pecoris morfu frondes descendite nostras.

Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,

Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite, 95

Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum.

Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis

Colla liber serpit; summoque cacumine condor.

Ex oculis removete manus; sine munere vestro

Contegat inductus morientis lumina cortex.

Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque 100

Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.



Within this plant my hapless parent lies :
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods. 85
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs ; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell !
If in your breasts or love, or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel 90
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give. 95
I can no more ; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :
Remove your hands ; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be ; 100
And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd.
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.



THE FIRST PART OF THE HISTORY OF THE
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VERTUMNUS

AND

POMONA:

From the **FOURTEENTH** Book of

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

V E R T U M N U S

ET

P O M O N A.

REGE sub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla Latinas
 Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
 Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera foetûs:
 Unde tenet nomen. non sylvas illa, nec amnes; 5
 Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
 Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce: 10
 Qua modo luxuriam premit, et spatiantia passim
 Brachia compescit; fissa modo cortice virgam
 Inferit; et succos alieno praestat alumno,
 Nec patitur sentire sitim; bibulaeque recurvas 15
 Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
 Hic amor, hoc studium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
 Vim tamen agrestum metuens, pomaria claudit
 Intus, & accessus prohibet refugitque viriles. 20

V E R T U M N U S

A N D

P O M O N A.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
 Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field, 5
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
 'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year, 10
 To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach th'obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
 And yields an offspring more than nature gives:
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew, 15
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
 Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd. 20

190 VERTUMNUS ET POMONA.

Quid non & Satyri, saltatibus apta juvenus,
 Fecere, & pinu praecincti cornua Panes,
 Sylvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,
 Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
 Ut potirentur ea? sed enim superabat amando 25
 Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.
 O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
 Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago!
 Tempora saepe gerens focno religata recenti,
 Defectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
 Saepe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum 35
 Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.
 Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator:
 Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares:
 Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumpta.
 Denique per multas aditum sibi saepe figuras
 Repperit, ut caperet spectatae gaudia formae.
 Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra, 45
 Innitens baculo, positus ad tempora canis,
 Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos;

How of the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
 The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care, 25
 To pass the fences, and surprize the fair?
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
 To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:
 And first a reaper from the field appears, 30
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temple shade:
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears, 35
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
 And the loose straglers to their ranks confines.
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs. 40
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
 A female form at last Vertumnus wears, 45
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
 Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
 A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
 The god in this decrepit form array'd, 50
 The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
 And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)

Pomaeque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit.

Paucaeque laudatae dedit oscula; qualia nunquam

Vera dedisset anus: glebaque incurva resedit,

Suspiciens pandos autumnii pondere ramos.

Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis: 60

Quam focia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;

At si staret, ait, coelebs, sine palmite truncus,

Nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.

Haec quoque, quae juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo,

Si non nupta foret, terrae adclinata jaceret.

Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;

Concubitusque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.

Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset

Sollicitata procis: nec quae Lapitheia movit

Proelia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyssæi.

Nunc quoque, cum fugias averferisque petentes,

Mille proci cupiunt; et semideique deique, 75

Et quaecunque tenent Albanos numina montes.

Sed tu, si sapias, si te bene jungere, anumque

Hanc audire voles, (quae te plus omnibus illis 80

“Whose charms as far all other nymphs out-shine,
 “As other gardens are excell’d by thine!

Then kiss’d the fair; (his kisses warmer grow 55
 Than such as women on their sex bestow.)

Then plac’d beside her on the flow’ry ground,
 Beheld the trees with autumn’s bounty crown’d.

An Elm was near, to whose embraces led,
 The curling vine her swelling clusters spread; 60

He view’d her twining branches with delight,
 And prais’d the beauty of the pleasing sight.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
 Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
 And this fair vine, but that her arms surround 65
 Her marry’d elm, had crept along the ground.

Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
 Your mind averse from all the joys of love.
 Deign to be lov’d, and ev’ry heart subdue!
 What nymph could e’er attract such crouds as you?
 Not she whose beauty urg’d the Centaurs arms, 71
 Ulysses’ Queen, nor Helen’s fatal charms.

Ev’n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
 A thousand court you, tho’ they court in vain,
 A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods, 75
 That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.

But if you’ll prosper, mark what I advise,
 Whom age, and long experience render wise,
 And one whose tender care is far above
 All that these lovers ever felt of love, 80

(Far more than e’er can by yourself be guest)
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.

For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.

Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice taedas :

Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige : pro quo

Me quoque pignus habe. neque enim sibi notior ille est,

Quam mihi, nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe.

Haec loca sola colit ; nec, uti pars magna procorum,

Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi

Ardor eris ; folique suos tibi devovet annos.

Addē, quod est juvenis : quod naturale decoris 90

Munus habet ; formasque apte fingetur in omnes :

Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.

Quid, quod amatis idem ? quod, quae tibi poma coluntur,

Primus habet ; lactaque tenet tua munera dextra ?

Sed neque jam foetus desiderat arbore demptos,

Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas ;

Nec quidquam, nisi te. miserere ardentis : et ipsum,

Qui petit, ore meo praesentem crede precari. —

Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat

Poma ; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti. 110

Haec ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,

Edidit ; in juvenem rediit : et anilia demit

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA. 195

To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ; 85
 Like you, contented with his native groves ;
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
 For you he lives ; and you alone shall share
 His last affection, as his early care.

Besides, he's lovely far above the rest, 90
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.

Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,
 Your rural cares, and pleasures are the same : 95

To him your orchards' early fruits are due,
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you.)
 He values these ; but yet (alas) complains,
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.

Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows 100
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows ;
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;
 You, only you, can move the God's desire :

Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire ! 105
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;
 Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind !

So may no frost, when early buds appear,
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;
 Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows, 110
 Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs !

This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
 He strait assum'd his native form again ;
 Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
 As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears, 115
 And thence exerting his refulgent ray,

Instrumenta sibi : talisque adparuit illi,

Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago 115

Evicit nubes, nullaque obstante reluxit.

Vimque parat : sed vi non est opus : inque figura

Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.



Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day,
 Force he prepar'd, both check'd the rash design;
 For when, appearing in a form divine,
 The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace 120
 Of charming features, and a youthful face!
 In her soft breast consenting passions move,
 And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.



IMITATIONS
OF
ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

I.

CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
 Yet swinken nat fans secresie.
 Thilke moral shal ye understond,
 From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland;
 Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
 To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
 Right then, there passen by the Way
 His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
 Ducke in his Trowfes hath he hent,
 Not to be spied of Ladies gent.
 "But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
 "Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;
 And stoppen, and lough, and callen out, —
 This filly Clerk full low doth lout:
 They asken that, and talken this,
 "Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss.
 But, as he glozeth with Speeches soote,
 The Ducke fore tickleth his Erse roote:

Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest. 20
Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought spake:
Miss star'd; and gray Ducke cryeth Quaake.
"O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
"Be thilke same thing Maids longen a'ter?
"Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
"Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke.



II.

SPENSER.

The ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
 A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low;
 Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
 And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.
 There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe, 5
 The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall:
 How can ye, Mothers, vex your children so?
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter
 call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there, 10
 Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
 A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
 And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
 And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
 At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen, 15
 Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
 Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
 Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbour-
 hood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)
 Close at my heel with yelping treble flies; 20
 The whimp ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
 Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries;
 The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
 And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
 To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
 The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
 And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base
 are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Stry, beneath a roof of thatch,
 Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
 Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch, 30
 Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
 There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
 Slander beside her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,
 With Envy, (spitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
 Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters, 35
 And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to
 tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
 Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:
 She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
 And bitch and rogue her answer was to all; 40
 Nay, e'en the parts, of shame by name would call:
 Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
 Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
 And by his hand obscene the porter took,
 Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look. 45

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
 Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
 Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
 And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
 Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch, 50
 Ne village is without, on either side,
 All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
 Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
 Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry
 pride.



III.

WALLER.

Of a LADY finging to her LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes :
Well might, alas ! that threatned vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays, 5
Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays :
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees, buth thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he :
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.



On a FAN of the Author's design,
in which was painted the story of
CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with
the Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th'Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.



IV.

C O W L E Y.

The G A R D E N.

F A I N would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures sing,
 And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
 Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
 And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dew;
 Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white, 5
 The thin undress of superficial Light,
 And vary'd Tulips show so dazling gay,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.
 Each painted flouret in the lake below
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow; 10
 And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.
 Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
 And mount the hill in venerable rows;
 There the green Infants in their beds are laid, 15
 The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
 Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store, 20
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
 There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
 By Laurels shielded from the piercing day:
 Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
 Still turns her beauties from th'invading beam, 25
 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream,

The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays.
And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays. 30

W E E P I N G.

WHILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the Ocean first did rise:
And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun, 35
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away. 40
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere.
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare, 45
Tought fit to drown him in her Tears:
Else might t'ambitious Nymph aspire,
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.



V.

E. of ROCHESTER.

On S I L E N C E.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
 Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,
 'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in
 thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or
 earth,
 Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
 Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant
 forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
 In one more various animal combin'd,
 And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-
 kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was
 low,
 'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
 And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain ;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dullness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise ;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise !

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest ;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame ;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are
free,
How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee ?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st. thou
be ?

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
 From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
 Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
 What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
 Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
 The courtier's learning, policy o'th' gown,
 Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
 Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
 All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.



VI.

E. of DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

TH O' Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And were a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread, 10
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and blak beside: 15
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud.
Her voice theatrically loud
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight, 20
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

P H R Y N E.

P H R Y N E had talents for mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade :
 Merchands unloaded here their freight,
 And Agents from each foreign state,
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th'Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French came to her :
 To all obliging she'd appear :
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
 'Twas *S'il vous plaist, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a Bride :
 In di'monds, pears, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new Titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.



VII.

DR. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a COUNTRY
PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia, 5
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea:
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
A large Concordance, bound long since:
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince; 10
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott — three parts, — my text,
Howbeit, — likewise — now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint, — and Paul, 15
To sum the whole, — the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays — if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift.
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.

P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
 Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade :
 Merchands unloaded here their freight,
 And Agents from each foreign state,
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th'Italian or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French came to her :
 To all obliging she'd appear :
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
 'Twas *S'il vous plaist, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religions, climes,
 At length she turns a Bride :
 In di'monds, pears, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare)
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new Titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.



The Happy Life of a Country Parson

PARSON

Are there not many things
 A Wife that never leaves the house
 That carries books and papers
 October here and there
 Tythe-Fig. and other things
 Gazettes that grow old
 For which the Parson reads
 A large Collection of Sermons
 Sermons in Latin and Greek
 A Chronicle of the Kings
 A Chronicle of the Bishops
 The Polyglot - and other things
 Howbeit - he reads
 Lo here the Sermons
 To sum the whole - he reads
 He that has time
 Drink with the Parson
 On Sunday past
 And fast on Friday
 Toast Church and King
 Talk with the Parson
 Pray heartily for the King
 And smile at the Parson

The End of the Parson's Life



Contents of the Second Volume.

S APPHO to PHAON, <i>an Epistle from Ovid</i>	3
ELOISA to ABELARD, <i>an Epistle</i>	23
The TEMPLE of FAME	41
JANUARY and MAY, <i>from Chaucer</i>	71
The Wife of BATH, <i>from Chaucer</i>	101
The first Book of STATIUS'S THEBAIS	121
The Fable of DRYOPE, <i>from Ovid's Metamorphoses</i>	179
VERTUMNUS and POMONA, <i>from Ovid's Metamorphoses</i>	189

IMITATIONS.

I. Of CHAUCER	201
II. Of SPENCER, <i>The ALLEY</i>	203
III. Of WALLER, <i>on a lady singing to her lute</i>	206
<i>On a FAN of the author's design, in which</i> <i>was painted the story of CEPHALUS and</i> <i>PROCRIS, with the Motto, AURA VENI</i>	207
IV. Of COWLEY, <i>The GARDEN</i>	208
WEeping	209
V. Of the E. of ROCHESTER, <i>On SILENCE</i>	210
VI. Of the E. of DORSET, <i>ARTMISIA</i>	213
PHRYNE	214
VII. Of Dr. SWIFT, <i>The happy life of a country parson</i>	215

Error. Pag. 139. lin. 8. *pro Xhrone lege Throne.*



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